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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The only innocent of any account to go this year is the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, but as that was hardly so much as even born but only shown to the light its massacre cannot move anybody very much. The day devoted to its discussion was sheer waste of time. That is what this Government does—wastes time on measures intended for nothing but party and electioneering purposes, with the result that it has to harry and goad the House into late sitting in order to get any business done at all. Mr. Asquith expects to pass a Finance Bill, the Irish Land Bill, and the London Elections Bill—all most contentious. If he does this it must mean keeping the House with its nose to the grindstone at least to the end of September, with all-night sittings if not the rule hardly an exception.

"It is the principle we want to establish", said one of Mr. Asquith's hearers at Bletchley. Well, it is very evident the Government will get very little out of their land taxes but principle. Mr. Asquith had to admit on Tuesday that these taxes might cost more to collect in their first year than their entire yield. Mr. Bonar Law showed that the Government would be spending two shillings in collecting every one shilling. Very possibly it will come out worse than that; for two millions is a low estimate of the cost of the valuation. And the grounds for the Government's expectation of a very large and very rapid rise in the yield of these taxes are not at all solid. Land does not steadily go up all over the country; it does not uniformly go up even in London. The taxes themselves will tend to keep the rise down. And the discount of ten per cent. allowed on the increment tax will keep out a vast amount of property altogether. Site values seldom increase by so much as ten per cent.; and every site value that does not will yield not a penny of increment tax.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer will never be clear of the entanglements of his Limehouse speech. "Blackmail" pursues him as nemesis. He struggled hard with it in trying to defend the clause letting local authorities off the payment of the new land taxes. Why is not holding up land and enjoying the unearned increment of land blackmail in a corporation if it is blackmail in a private owner? Mr. Lloyd George of course had absolutely no answer to give Mr. Balfour. It is not even a case of the country as a whole sharing in the immunity. One local area will gain at another's cost. Mr. Lloyd George could only talk irrelevancies about the object of the tax and corporations paying too much for land compulsorily bought. What nonsense this is! Corporations buy under the ordinary compensation law and pay the amount fixed after fair and open trial by jury. If the procedure is bad, let the Government amend it. It is no plea in excuse of letting these corporations off the tax.

The Prime Minister's "short and sharp" procedure with respect to the licensing clauses of the Finance Bill has been taken to foreshadow a drastic application of the guillotine. The true origin is probably far more in the direction of reasonable amendment. No defence has been attempted of the ridiculous and inequitable provisions which base increased duties on half the annual value of licensed premises irrespective of the nature of their trade. Hotels, restaurants, and dram-shops were all on the same footing. It has been strongly pressed on the Government that the only equitable basis of taxation is a percentage levy on the amount of liquor sold, and there is good ground for believing that new clauses are now being drafted to give effect to this view. We hope there will be no difference in this respect between the ordinary licensed houses and those unlicensed places termed Radical clubs. Such a basis of taxation will have the added advantage of being a useful guide to licensing justices in fixing compensation and monopoly values. To a large extent, also, the penal nature of the original proposals disappears.

Perhaps the most interesting item in the Budget programme for this week has been the epistolary duel between the Duke of Northumberland and Sir Edward

Grey. Sir Edward in his speech at Leeds had said, in an airy way most unwonted for him, that landowners hit by the Budget could easily find means of making up the difference without causing hardship to others. Any who might dismiss a workman he had hitherto employed was described by the way as vindictive. The Duke very naturally would like Sir Edward Grey to come to facts and tell him what he could dispense with without hurting others. Sir Edward in reply did not get to grips, but vaguely suggested giving up sporting rights or a London house, and then more vaguely that properties could be converted into small holdings and used for "scientific forestry". Scientific forestry! How easy to talk in these general terms. It was easy for Sir Edward to say landowners could do things, but he could not say what. The Duke of Northumberland was left where he was.

Sir Edward had not one practical proposal to make; so he ran off on abstract lines. One of his points was remarkable. He could not, he said, admit that any man need make any retrenchments that would bear hardly on others unless he was already spending the whole of his income. So, according to this economist and social reformer, a man ought to spend up to his last penny of income before he attempts provision by retrenchment to meet new and unavoidable claims on his income. This is how bankruptcy comes. A land-owner must keep up his whole staff though to do so leaves him not a penny of margin to meet an unexpected demand. Then it comes and he breaks, and the whole staff, instead of a few of them, have to go. What sound economy! What thoughtful humanity!

The speech of a Liberal leader at Limehouse has been too much for a Liberal Leader at Sheffield. The Leaders there, who owned the "Sheffield Independent" for more than half a century, have been the incarnation of South Yorkshire and Sheffield Liberalism all that time. Until a few days ago Mr. Robert Leader had been ten years the treasurer of the Hallamshire Liberal Association. The Limehouse speech has driven him to desperation and resignation. There is no longer any room, he says, for moderate men and moderate counsels in a party that does not condemn the violence of that speech. He is a very unexpected coadjutor of the Duke of Norfolk, who has so many interests in Sheffield. The secession will have an effect, though Sheffield people now read the Conservative "Telegraph" more than the Liberal "Independent".

Lord Charles Beresford, not unreasonably, claims that the report of the Committee to inquire into his allegations as to the Navy justifies the charges that he made. It admits the facts he put forward are true. The changes in the arrangements of the fleets were in fact made as he said and there was danger while they were being so made. The defence is that the arrangement was provisional. Lord Charles' contention that while this provisional state continued there was danger is denied; but that is an opinion which might be expected from a Committee of the Government, not altogether an impartial judge of the Admiralty. Lord Charles is still entitled to maintain his own; though he cannot argue the Committee were prejudiced. He gave it too good a character at the beginning.

The South African Bill was passed by the House of Commons on Thursday. As the Government had made known that the Bill must pass exactly as presented and the Opposition had accepted this primary fact of the situation, it was evident what sort of a discussion would take place in Committee when the colour question came up. Naturally there would be a flood of irresponsible eloquence in assertion of the claim of Kaffirs to have the franchise and the right of sitting in the African Parliament. When a theory is not to be put into practice it is easy to rise to great moral heights in asserting it. As the Union Bill has been passed with the franchise question left to the new Parliament, if these eloquent speakers imagine their glowing periods will have

any effect on that Parliament, they are more sanguine than sagacious.

President Taft seems bent on rivalling, even if he cannot eclipse, Mr. Roosevelt's reputation for spirited foreign policy. Naturally enough, President Taft has selected the East as his special field of operations. Unlike most American statesmen, he does know something about the Far East. The game of playing patron and champion to China is not a bad one, at least it is not bad for political purposes on paper. If we are to take the New York press, the line is that China cannot trust England being the ally of Japan, and America is to step in and protect the oppressed Empire against the bullying and machinations of the Japs. How far there is any political substance behind this kite one cannot say for certain. If the idea catches on with the public, it may develop into something of a real policy. President Taft, however, is reckoned a reasonable man, and would know that he cannot play this game for nothing or on a small scale. If he means to play the hand seriously he must be prepared for every issue, not stopping short of war. But we do not believe he has taken the matter so seriously at all.

The German press is much exercised by the King's not going to Ischl. But why doubt the official Austrian statement that the Emperor-King wants to make the most of his holiday? Last year it was carefully explained that the King's visit bore no deep political character, but was an act of friendly congratulation to the Emperor on the occasion of his jubilee. This year there is no jubilee, and therefore no need for any elaborate parade of courtesies. The Emperor has had an anxious time during the past winter, and the prolongation of the Hungarian Cabinet crisis compelled him to postpone his departure for Ischl. Moreover, at the beginning of next month he is to entertain his German ally at the manœuvres, a programme which might tax the strength of a younger man.

Germany is agog with excitement over Count Zeppelin and his flight to Berlin which has been fixed for next week. He is to be welcomed in state by the Emperor, and all Berlin will troop out to the Tempelhofer Feld to see the show. No one breathes a possibility of failure, although the voyage from Friedrichshafen to the capital will beat all records if accomplished. But the Count is a popular hero and so cannot fail. His portrait adorns all manner of metal, leather, and paper goods, and a huge variety of articles have been manufactured in the shape of his balloon. So great is the enthusiasm at something being done by a man who is not an official.

In France "on marche". The number of young men who refuse to come forward for their military training has almost trebled in the last three years. This is in the main the result of M. Hervé's propaganda, but is partly due to the contempt with which the average Frenchman views the present parliamentary régime. Why should he inconvenience himself for the sake of a few hundred "sous-vétérinaires" in Paris? If France possessed a single statesman with a real grip over his country's needs he would stop this national dry-rot. It could be done. The penalty for recalcitrance is mild enough—a year's imprisonment at most; but instead of making the best of so moderate a law, successive Cabinets have amnestied the culprits from fear of unpopularity. Very different is the practice across the Vosges, where disobedience of the military law is punished with lifelong expulsion from German soil.

Spain has rallied round the monarchy and is now determined to see the Moorish trouble through. It would be no light task for any Power. The Riff tribesmen are numerous and well-armed; they inhabit a mountainous country which has not been surveyed; their independence has never yet been seriously challenged; and, like all Mohammedans, they fight like demons when their religious fanaticism is stirred. Their subjection will cost both men and money, but in days gone by Spain spent both lavishly against the

same Moorish foe, and in spending them found herself. It is for tradition's sake that so many young men of spirit are to-day volunteering for active service against the hereditary enemy. All Spain feels that in the fight against the Moors she is the champion of the civilisation and the religion of the West. That is why she is determined not to fail, and as reinforcements are now being hurried forward it will not be long before she strikes her blow.

It is really something of an international scandal that the Italian Government should allow the "Asino" of 15 August to be circulated. The whole issue is in effect an incentive to violence and riot in Spain. Criticism of a foreign Government is of course always legitimate—even what is popularly called "nasty" criticism—but there is a great difference between even violent criticism and the blackguardly abuse of the Spanish King and his Government which is bespattered over nearly every page of this outrageous sheet. It is nothing of course that all the mischief is put down to clerical influence, and King Alfonso lampooned as writing at the dictation of a priest. That goes without saying in this class of paper. But the open justification of violence and every other outrage committed by the revolutionaries ought not to be tolerated. Indeed all decent people have long wondered why the Italian Government has put up with the nauseous profanity of this rag so long.

There is a report of another engagement between the Moorish Pretender and Mulai Hafid's forces. The story is that the Pretender has been beaten and taken prisoner. Probably the truth is merely that in one of these eternal ups and down in Moorish campaigns the Pretender has this time got the worst of it. It is not at all likely he has been taken prisoner. Naturally the Sultan (for the time being) would make the most of his success. The "Times" gives exact and harrowing details of tortured prisoners. Even if absolute facts were known, horrors should not be placarded in this way; but it passes understanding how any serious paper can expose details of horrors admittedly speculative.

The Cretans have now been scolded, and the cane even brought out, but with ceremony. Each of the four protecting Powers has had to despatch a couple of warships to Suda Bay and each Power has solemnly landed a bluejacket. This little party formally lowered the offending flag and cut down the flagstaff which offered such irresistible temptation. Meanwhile the Cretan Parliament has promised to behave itself, and no doubt will keep its promise as long as the warships are in harbour. It certainly talked very firmly to the mutinous militiamen who re-hoisted the flag. "You Greeks are always children", an Egyptian philosopher told an Athenian visitor a good many centuries ago, and apparently they have not grown up yet. We dare say the Powers would be glad if Crete could only be united with Greece, and they be rid of their troublesome ward.

Unfortunately union is out of the question. Turkey has taken a firm stand on her new-found constitutional dignity, and refuses to let Crete go the way of Bulgaria. The Porte has addressed Notes to Athens carefully framed on the model of the Notes which the Powers once addressed to the Porte. Greece, with an exposed frontier and the memories of '97, has whimpered very plaintively and asked her strong friends to see she is not hurt. As yet there is no need to take the situation very seriously. Athens and Constantinople have long intrigued against one another. In the old days the sympathies of the Western Powers were rather with Greece, but of late their statesmen have done lip-service to the curious variety of constitutionalism which now lords it in Constantinople, and Turkey is anxious to show off her new respectability.

At last Denmark has a new Ministry. Six harmless members of the late Cabinet retain office, but there is a new Premier and two ex-Premiers have accepted important portfolios. The Government intends to deal with the question of national defence. Denmark has

had to choose between three lines of policy. The Socialists are in favour of complete disarmament, since no efforts could avail against a great Power. This is not illogical, but is so unpatriotic that the country will have none of it. More sympathy has been won for the view that Denmark should concentrate her energies on ensuring the neutrality of the Sound. But there is a third party which insists that land defence also must not be neglected, and it is this policy which has received Royal support and which the new Cabinet hopes to carry out. Unhappily M. Christensen, the new Minister of Defence, was associated during his Premiership with some unsavoury political scandals. His appointment has therefore failed to satisfy the military party, and the Danish Commander-in-Chief has resigned by way of protest. Apparently the crisis is not yet over.

The general strike in Sweden shows signs of collapse. The railway men have refused to come out, and the mass of rural labourers are returning to work. There have been many skirmishes between Capital and Labour in Sweden these ten years, and the two forces have found themselves fairly evenly balanced. Public sympathy alone could turn the scale, and the appeal for it has led to what must be the most curious strike the world has seen. By way of preventing rioting in the capital the Government absolutely prohibited the sale of intoxicants and was able to enforce its prohibition without difficulty. Cut off from the public-houses, the workmen promenaded the streets in their best clothes and quietly waited. With all the shops closed and most of the traffic suspended, the whole thing resembled nothing so much as an English Sunday.

A decline in pauperism used to be quoted in answer to doubts about the condition of the working classes. This argument will have to be given up. It no longer holds after the recent Local Government Board Report. The rise of pauperism has been continuous since 1901, and there are now a hundred and eighteen thousand more paupers than there were in that year, twenty-one thousand being the increase for London alone. Depression of trade generally, in building, engineering and shipbuilding especially, and in London the transfer of some trades to other parts of the country, account for some of the increased pauperism. In London some of the Guardians, as those of Poplar, have manufactured paupers, according to the inspector. The decrease of adult labour owing to machinery is another cause. The youths employed instead of men are not wanted when they grow up, and they turn into unskilled labourers. This, apart from bad trade generally, is the most chronic cause of pauperism. Only old paupers over seventy are decreasing. They are being kept from the Poor Law to qualify for pensions.

Other reports, curious in detail, but difficult, as in many other cases, to follow in their real drift are that on the number of empty houses in London and other large towns, and that on the birth and death rate. Houses stand empty in towns, but building goes on in the suburbs; and if the birth rate declines, the death rate declines too, and on balance there is a steady gain. The empty houses are just the ordinary sort; not the town house that may have to be given up on account of the Budget. They are not empty because the population is declining, so that their tenants either overcrowd somewhere else in the town or go further out; and the probabilities are in favour of emigration in these quick-transit days. The decrement of the town will become increment in the suburb, to use the new financial phrase. As for the birth rate, that would require much analysis before we could be sure that the decline would satisfy the Eugenics Society.

The Government have granted Mr. Shackleton twenty thousand pounds towards the expenses of his antarctic expedition. We really do not believe a taxpayer could be found in the whole country to object to this. Even the most rigid of economic puritans would shock that he had saved his face if he pretended to be shocked at the extravagance, but patronisingly excused

it as allowable for once. It is quite delightful to find the State spending money on something that can add only to the sum of knowledge, not to the sum of money. Of what use? The question is an impertinence; knowledge is an end in itself.

There is still talk about amalgamating the Botanical and Zoological Societies. No doubt there is a good deal at first sight to be said for the idea. The Botanical evidently cannot stand on its own legs, and a marriage between the two sounds a very happy arrangement. Happy no doubt for the Botanical, but those who are advising such an alliance—alliance is the word ill-consecrated to arrangements of this kind—should remember that it is asking one very much going concern to embrace another that is not going at all. The Botanical has no funds, but has instead a very large debenture debt. They do no scientific work, their place scientifically being entirely taken by Kew and the Horticultural Society. In short, the Botanical has long given up work for play and has met with the idler's proper end.

Lord Rosebery's foreword to the Cramond Flower Show makes us wish he had been a gardener. Not that we would have him show much learning in floricultural lore—technical talk is always odious, and as expert he could hardly have been immune to the poison of competition. But we would have had him a gardener for the multitude of delightful discourses he would have given us on gardening. The Cramond speech makes one think what might have been. There be many that write well on gardening—to forget the very many that write badly—but few that speak well on it. Many public speakers are also gardeners, but somehow they cannot speak on gardening. Mr. Chamberlain has never made a gardening speech with any charm in it; nor could Mr. Harcourt. Lord Rosebery turns rather wistfully to gardening now as the ideal solace of old age; he knows that will not be taken up when you are old which you neglected when young.

Sir Theodore Martin, according to one account, began his literary career seventy years ago by editing Sir Thomas Urquhart's translation of Rabelais. If he did, it was a very venturesome thing for a young man of twenty-two. For though Sir Thomas was a fellow-countryman, the Presbyterian circles in which Martin was born would have considered the editing of this great translation, as Spencer said of the too clever billiard player, evidence of misspent time and misemployed talents. Besides, Martin could not have been equipped for such work at the age. There seems to be a mistake, and perhaps we are on the track of it when we note that the "Times" speaks of the ballads and parodies published by Aytoun and Martin in 1845, "under the Rabelaisian name of 'Bon Gaultier,'" which went through sixteen editions between that year and 1902. So if he had not turned to more decorous pursuits, such as parliamentary agency and the "Life of the Prince Consort," he might have made a good editor of Rabelais after all.

The period of Sir Theodore's youth was much more Rabelaisian than ours, though he imagined as he grew older that the most boisterous and rollicking of literary periods had all the dignity. It was a curious delusion for the biographer of the Prince Consort and the friend of the Queen. Modern improvement in manners is usually dated from the Queen's reign. Motor omnibuses, it is true, came in before Sir Theodore's death, but many more undignified things that he knew of had passed away. Princes had ceased to ride in carriages with bruisers; young noblemen no longer went into the streets for rows under the protection of prize-fighters; there were no longer hideous crowds of all classes at prize-fights, dog-fights, cock-pits, and rat-pits; the night houses and gambling hells had been closed; and Baron Nicholson and the "Judge and Jury" had disappeared. It was not all Macready and Helen Faust when the railway mania was on, and Theodore Martin was making a fortune or writing the life of the Prince Consort as the confidant of the Queen.

#### A SPLENDID OPPOSITION.

WE regret to see in certain Unionist quarters an attempt to belittle and discountenance the opposition to the land taxes, both in and out of Parliament. The "Times," whose bad faith in matters of party is proverbial, is of course the leader of the sneaks, who are frightened by the bluff of Messrs. Churchill and George, and who are imploring the Unionist leaders to throw the landed interest to the wolves, in order, apparently, that the liquor interest may escape. According to this unworthy plan, a letter is inserted in what is supposed to be the leading organ of the Unionist party in the daily press from Sir Henry Norman, being an anthology of all the fictions invented by the "Daily News" and provincial Radical rags, to the effect that the meetings of the Budget Protest League have been failures. Another letter is printed in the same journal from a Tory Democratic candidate in Manchester, commanding the Unionist party to abandon its "futile" (sic) opposition to the land taxes, as if the landed interest was the only one worth preserving, and threatening our leaders with the wrath of the Tory Democratic working men of Lancashire if they do not at once hurry on to the increased duties on spirits and tobacco. We have never heard of Mr. Hiram Howell, whose democracy is more apparent than his Toryism; but we are quite sure that he libels the working men of Lancashire when he asserts that the only points in the Budget which interest them are the increased duties on tobacco and spirits. Lancashire artisans are very intelligent, and the majority of them take broad Imperial views. We are certain that they would resent the imputation that their only interest in national finance is the amount of the duties on drink and tobacco. Still more amazing and repellent is Mr. Howell's assertion that the Unionists have "no case" on the land taxes, and that their strongest case is the increase of the duties on drink and tobacco. As a matter of fact, we have little or no case on the increased duties on tobacco and drink, unless, indeed, our case is that the working men are to contribute nothing to the deficit of £16,000,000. Our experience, gathered from attendance at several meetings of the Budget Protest League (which were very successful), is that the working men, to whatever party they belong, are quite willing to pay the increased duties on tobacco and drink; and our belief, based on this experience, is that they would resent, instead of being grateful for, any attempt by the Unionist party to oppose these duties. We recommend the Unionist leaders to be very careful of the grounds on which they endeavour to reject these clauses of the Budget. We also found that the working men of both parties were interested in the land taxes, because they thought that a new, a rich, and a not unfair source of taxation was being tapped. When they realise, as they will only do slowly—for they think, not altogether without foundation, that half they hear at public meetings is false—that the land taxes will not only bring in nothing, but add to the burthen of the State, there may be a sharp reaction against the Budget.

The landed interest is not the only one worth preserving, but it is well worth preserving, and it is the interest which is most threatened by the Budget, by the death duties even more than by the land taxes. The discussion of the death duties is still some way off, coming after the new licensing duties. Let us just see, in the interval of waiting, what the Opposition, at which the "Times" and Mr. Hiram Howell sneer as futile, has actually done to help the landed interest and to hurt the Government. In the first place, it has forced the Government to throw the cost of valuation upon the public, a concession which is not only a great relief to the owners of land but exposes the gross injustice which the Government would have perpetrated if they had been strong enough. Mr. Lloyd George intended to throw an expense, which he and the Prime Minister put at £2,000,000 but which will be a great deal more, upon the owners of every acre of ground in the three kingdoms, in order that they might tell Mr. Lloyd George's officials how much taxation to levy upon them. Why not throw the salaries of the surveyors of income tax upon the

payers of income tax? It would be just as fair, or just as unfair, as the Government has been forced to admit. Whilst we are writing of concessions, we should like to point out in passing that the business of the nation is not a game or a match, so that all the talk about gratitude is pure nonsense. When Mr. Lloyd George makes a concession, he does not give anybody anything that belongs to himself, as his language might lead an intelligent schoolboy to imagine. He merely modifies in the interest of the public a term or condition in a public transaction, and he only does so because he is forced by public opinion. Besides relieving the owners of land of the cost of the valuation, another very valuable concession is the exemption from undeveloped-land duty of those owners who have spent £100 an acre within the last ten years on developing their land. Here again we can best measure the value of the thing gained by considering what the Government originally intended. No matter what an owner might have spent on drains and roads to prepare his estate for the builder, he was still to have been taxed  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. in the £ on the supposed capital value of the land, which he would have had to pay in addition to his loss of interest on the money so expended. That was a glaring injustice. But of course the greatest triumph of the Opposition has been the restoration of the right of appeal to a court of law upon the valuation, or indeed on any question connected with the taxation of the land. It is a little difficult to bring home to one's bosom that a modern Minister, a leader of a democratic party, in a modern Parliament, did really contemplate depriving Englishmen of the right of appealing to the law to protect his property. That the clause in the Finance Bill which took away the right of appeal to the court, and said that the Commissioners' decision must be final, was contrary to the one written instrument in our Constitution, the Bill or Act of Rights, is we think indisputable, and it could never really have stood. But that does not matter; the clause was there, drafted by the officials of Mr. Lloyd George, and printed after his approval and corrections. To deprive the owners of land of the protection of the law which is extended to every other the meanest subject of the King was therefore the original design of the Radical Chancellor of the Exchequer. There is still another very important change in the Budget, which is due to the line-by-line resistance of the Unionists in the House of Commons—namely, the dropping of the ludicrous tax on ungotten minerals and the substitution of the duty on mining royalties and dead rents. Unjust as this last duty is, for it is a mere duplication of an existing income tax, it will be at least clear in its amount, and certain in its operation—it will at least tax a man on what he has got, not on what he has not got. To recapitulate, the opposition to the land taxes, at which the "Times" and Mr. Hiram Howell sneer as futile, has obtained from the Government the following changes and modifications in the Budget: (1) Valuation at the public cost; (2) exemption from undeveloped-land duty of owners who have spent £100 an acre; (3) right of appeal to the courts of law; (4) dropping of the tax on ungotten minerals. When one reflects that these concessions have been wrung from an unwilling Government, which commands a majority of 350, by an Opposition which is rarely able to muster more than 200 followers, it is impossible to deny that a more splendid victory of sheer intellectual force is not recorded in the annals of Parliament.

In conclusion we must allude to some exceptions from the operation of the land taxes which have been made, not by the Opposition, but by the Government. Rating and local authorities are excepted from the payment of these taxes, as are charitable corporations and registered societies. The last exception is meant to cover the case of the great benefit and friendly and building societies, which have over £100,000,000 invested in land by the working men of this country. It is a grossly unfair exception, for it leaves corporations composed of working men free to exercise acts of ownership which, if done by individuals, are denounced as robbery and blackmail. The same remark applies to local and rating authorities, like the London County

Council and the Corporation of Glasgow, who are to be allowed to hold up land for a good market and to pocket the increment accruing on reversions of leases. Indeed, these corporations are applauded for their wisdom in doing what, when done by a Duke of Westminster, is denounced as spoliation. Does not all this point to the conclusion, which the Lord Advocate for Scotland is the only member of the Government honest enough to admit, that the real and sole justification for these taxes is the political immorality of private ownership of land? That is the real basis of the Budget, and the sooner the country knows it the better. "Establishing the principle" means the assertion of the proposition that land ought not to be owned by individuals but by the municipalities and the State. If this be not pure socialism, we do not know the meaning of the term.

#### THE ADMIRALTY CIRCUIT.

HAPPY indeed is the report of the Cabinet Committee on the differences between Lord Charles Beresford and the Admiralty. It seems to have pleased everybody. We may be sure the Committee are pleased with their own report. It is true there is not a word of praise of the Admiralty, and there is much conditional fault-finding with them, while the most that is said for arrangements for which Cabinet and Admiralty are jointly responsible is that they did not imperil the country. Still the Admiralty are thoroughly satisfied with the report. Lord Charles Beresford is very nearly censured, while his own censures on the Admiralty, or some of them, are practically endorsed. He too writes to the papers to say he is satisfied with the report. Well, the chief naval adviser to the Admiralty, being now in his sixty-ninth year, has practically ended his career, and Lord Charles Beresford has been retired from his last active command: so their relative merits have no longer any living interest for the Navy. Each is delighted with the report, so each may contentedly chant his *Nunc dimittis* and leave us free to consider defence policy, unembarrassed by naval cliques and schools.

For the adequacy of the arrangements made by the Government for the defence, not of this country, to which the Cabinet Committee limits itself, but of the whole Empire and its trade, the Cabinet is directly responsible. Thus the Cabinet set itself to consider its own war plans, the sufficiency of its own programmes of cruisers and destroyers, and its own distribution of the fleet in home waters. It is remarkable that the Committee have so far condemned rather than condoned their own past. We need only point out that the Committee may be perfectly impartial and yet err grossly in judgment if its standpoint is wrong. Just before the appointment of the Cabinet Committee to inquire into Lord Charles Beresford's charges, the Prime Minister propounded the new doctrine that our naval strength was adequate if it could repel the force that the Government deemed likely to be used for aggressive purposes against *this island*. Hence the standpoint from which the verdict was to be delivered was fundamentally altered for the worse, and what would have been considered criminal neglect under the last Government became efficient preparation under their successors.

But while the Cabinet could dictate on the sufficiency of armament, it could not control the eternal principles of strategy. Of these principles, three bore directly on the questions the Cabinet Committee were investigating. The first is that one directing brain is indispensable to successful war, and that a divided command is fatal; the second is contained in the single word "comradeship", which involves the habit of working together; and the third is that untrained ships such as partially manned or nucleus-crew vessels must not be regarded as vessels ready for war. On all three the Admiralty set themselves right before the investigation, and excused their action throughout 1907 and 1908 on the absurd plea that the two years formed a transitional period. To argue in a circle may on a similar principle be called a

transitional argument, but it does not carry us much further. The facts that strike the observer are that in 1903 we had a Home Fleet, a Mediterranean Fleet, and an Atlantic Squadron, then known as the Channel Squadron, free to reinforce in either direction. In 1904 one redistribution, in 1907 another, and in 1909, in fear of an inquiry, a third was carried through, bringing us exactly to the point from which we set out in 1903 of a Home Fleet, a Mediterranean Fleet and an Atlantic Squadron. Every one of these changes disorganised and demoralised the fleets during the real transitional period in which they were endeavouring to settle down and build up fresh active fleets even as ants have to work if the nest is destroyed. As Moltke has pointed out, a method of action not intrinsically the best may well succeed, whereas vacillation between better plans must fail. The whole case is governed according to an admirable principle laid down by Sir John Fisher that "Confidence is a plant of slow growth. Long and constant association of ships of a fleet is essential to success. A newcomer is often more dangerous than the enemy". That is one principle, and it was infringed at every point by redistributions carried out so ruthlessly, relentlessly and remorselessly as to destroy the entire organisations of fleets. There is another principle that just as an army with due proportions of infantry, artillery and cavalry must exercise together, so a fleet with due proportions of battleships, cruisers and destroyers must be trained as one homogeneous whole. In 1907 the only large fully commissioned and therefore ready fleet was deprived of the bulk of its small cruisers and of all its destroyers. In spite of entreaties and alterations in the House of Commons, which but for the tact of the Speaker might have become scenes, the Board of Admiralty refused for many months to alter the arrangement. The case was admirably stated by the second in command of the Channel Fleet, Admiral Sir Reginald Custance, in a speech reported in the "Liverpool Courier", 8 August 1907, as follows :

"He was treading on very dangerous ground, for he was an officer on full pay, and he could not tell them exactly what he thought, but he would give them a little illustration. He dared say that many of the gentlemen there had played football. They might think there was little relation between the Navy and football, but there really was. A Rugby football team was divided into heavy forwards, half-backs who passed the ball to the three-quarters, and the three-quarters were the fast ones who ran away with it. How did a football team try to win? They selected their team and always kept the same team, who always played in the same place and were constantly practised together. That was the secret of their success. If a team took up their forwards at one time and played one game with them, and in another place took up another set of forwards, they could not expect to win."

Sir Reginald Custance then explained that it was the same with a fleet. They must be trained and worked together, the backs knowing exactly what the forwards are going to do. The Channel Fleet without small cruisers and destroyers "had no forwards". The Liverpool people could see the battleships in the Mersey, but the forwards were not there. Read between the lines the speech was a pungent satire on the redistribution scheme of 1907. This was the scheme which the Admiralty treated as unimpeachable and ideal, and which they were yet forced to abandon in favour of the old arrangement. The truth is that the circular course which the Admiralty have taken in getting back to the point from which they started was deliberate; the Government's zeal for economy had to be humoured. It was necessary to put ships out of full commission in order to cut down expenses and yet mask the proceedings by an elaborate pretence of an increase of fighting force. Since 1906 the present Government, by carrying us back to the exact arrangement of fleets which existed in 1903, have reduced the number of ships in full commission by five battleships and ten cruisers, and so saved, say, 4000 men, besides many incidental expenses. The nucleus-crew ship as a reserve in the second line was the creation of the last

Government and an idea borrowed from France. So long as it was regarded as a reserve there was no ground for complaint; but when the dangerous fallacy was put forward that it was capable of "immediate action" and of acting "without an hour's delay", and that it was therefore a substitute for fully manned ships constantly exercised in their proper places, the whole reasoning confirms us in the belief that while this country has no great reason to fear Germany and her allies, it has every reason to fear the present administration of the Navy. Take the following extract from the report : "He [Lord Charles Beresford] pointed out that a considerable proportion of the Home Fleet was manned with nucleus crews, and was therefore in his opinion ineffective as an instantly ready striking force. The evidence before the Committee showed, in their opinion, that the nucleus-crew ships were capable of very rapid mobilisation, and had attained a satisfactory standard of efficiency". Here the acceptance of these ships scattered between three ports, partially manned and only mobilised after weeks of preparation, as a substitute for fully manned ships in real fleets is implicitly assumed. We can only say that when such doctrines sway the minds of men, they sound the death-knell of nations.

#### BOERS AND KAFFIRS.

AT this stage in the affairs of South Africa there seems nothing to do but to accept the accomplished fact and hope for the best. Everybody, Government and Opposition alike, is determined to sing a paeon, though it is done with shut eyes and a good deal of unexpressed misgiving. There is the union of South Africa, long prayed for, long worked for, unexpectedly taking shape and actually presenting itself in the form of a Bill for the assent of the British Parliament. It is all so wonderful that everybody speaks of it with bated breath; indeed is almost afraid to breathe lest the slightest wind of criticism should make the whole structure dissolve like Kubla Khan's fantastic palace. The reason is that we know the foundations it has are Boer foundations. The union of South Africa has been possible because all that the Boers demanded has been conceded and the future government of South Africa is to be in the hands of the Boers. We have made a bargain on the lines of the compromise between husband and wife as to the sheets of their bed. "I cannot bear linen", said the husband, "and my wife dislikes cotton, so we have arranged that they shall be linen". And so we in England have consented to a South African Union bed furnished in the Dutch fashion, and we have decided to hold our tongues. It is such a fine thing to have a bed in which British and Dutch can lie at all that we pretend to shut our eyes to the discomfort the British will have in Dutch wrappers.

This is the condition on which the game is to be played at present, and we must play according to the rules. We are practically shut up to accepting the Bill just as it is. We must believe with Mr. Balfour that there is now only one race question in South Africa, and that it is not the question of Boer and British but that of the white and the black races. We cannot help feeling a good deal of sympathy with the black races. They get nothing out of the deal and they run a risk of losing something they already have. Our rapidly developed fraternal affection for the Boers is not yet shared by them, and government by Boer Parliaments is not so fine a prospect for them as we have persuaded ourselves it is for us. Perhaps that is because they are simple savages; and as they look at things more directly they cannot cheat themselves so easily as we can into believing what we want to believe. Mr. Seely proves by arithmetical demonstration that the Kaffirs cannot be deprived of their franchise in Cape Colony by the South African Parliament. But very probably the Kaffirs, being merely savages, cannot go very far in arithmetical calculations and so will not be impressed by figures. They know quite well however, as the Scotch say, how many beans make five, and as the Dutch have often enough "given them beans" in the past, they are very

much afraid their portion will be beans in the future. At any rate they know this much about politics, that they prefer Downing Street direct and unadulterated; and they know that Downing Street would be little protection to them against a Cape Parliament that had resolved to abolish the black man's franchise.

The same line of reasoning applies equally to the black man's position in the Protectorates whenever it shall please the South African Parliament to take any of them under its government. The black man's affection for Downing Street may pass for a mild joke with Mr. Seely and the politicians; but there is sound sense in the black man's view. He understands direct autocratic Crown Colony government. It fits in with his own customary way of thinking and his own notion of government. It is frank, open, honest, simple and above-board, and he can trust the Governor, who is not under the influence of secret and selfish and sinister motives, who has no covetous desire for other men's lands, and will not gerrymander him for taxation or other schemes in anybody else's interests than his own. Parliamentary government in which he has no share, especially when it is controlled by Dutch hands, must appear to him an ocean of treacherous cross currents to which he has no chart, and in which he is always in danger of being caught. All those elaborate schedules which, according to Mr. Seely, are to make the black man even more secure than he is at present if he should fall into the grasp of the South African Parliament, are nothing to him but the meshes of a parliamentary net which he wants to keep out of. This sort of thing, which is useful for soothing the conscience of the British legislator, who is really very uneasy about the black man but must let the Boer take him if he wants to, is a hocus-pocus which the black man himself fears and wants to have nothing to do with. The black man knows very well that what the self-governing colony wants the British Parliament cannot hinder it from obtaining. Self-government is a word of art, a mystery, a formula, whereby is signified that a colony cannot be refused anything it wants. It is a self-governed child whose parents dare not refuse it anything for fear it should become hysterical and make itself ill and its parents miserable. All these references and things in the schedules are nought but the parents', the Imperial Government's, concealment of weakness in a flood of words. They do not deceive a British Member of Parliament, much less a Kaffir who is on the spot and has had his wits sharpened to expect possibilities just because he is a Kaffir and looks out for experiments on his corpus vile. We do not know if he reads the papers much; but if he does, and has followed the process by which it has been decided that he is to have no vote for and no seat in the South African Parliament, he will find out what will happen when the Parliament wants to annex his Protectorates.

There are plenty of arguments, we admit, against the black man voting or sitting in the South African Parliament. We do not want him either to vote or to sit there on account of his intellectual unfitness; just as for the same reason we do not want, though we have to submit to them, many of our own voters for the British Parliament. This is a minor reason, however, and the greater one is that it is the white and not the black race that must be dominant in South Africa. And it is better that the dominance of the white race should be asserted openly than that there should be a pretence of equality as there is in America, where the negroes are circumvented either by force or fraud. It would be the same in South Africa; and though the black man may not have much to hope for from the response of the South African Parliament to the eloquent appeals here made to it to be generous and magnanimous to the blacks, the blacks will not be the worse off for not having the franchise. Nor perhaps do they want it so badly as the friends of all natives but their own in the House of Commons want it for them. What they are really concerned with, and must be anxious about, is that the House of Commons agrees that they ought not to have the franchise mainly because the colonies are opposed to it. It is not a question of merits, as it would be if the proposal were to give a new class votes

for the British Parliament. The really crucial proposition is that it would be absurd to admit the right to self-government sans phrase, and then to attempt to lay the colonies under any pledge as to enfranchisement or indeed anything else domestic. In this respect the Kaffirs are in the same position as women. Logically, when we admit the theory of the self-government of the colonies—and this is the very essence of the new South African Constitution—the British Parliament has no more locus standi to set terms for enfranchising Kaffirs than to set terms for enfranchising women. Anyone who is not within a certain highly eccentric circle of British politicians can see how ridiculous this would be. There is no getting away from the formula either for the black man or the British Parliament. And we sympathise with the unfortunate fellow. He will run against this cast-iron formula whenever he asks the British Parliament to protect him from his South African friends.

#### GOODWILL TO SPAIN.

**S**PAIN'S preparations for a decisive stroke against the truculent hill-men of the Riff are costing her more than she can easily afford. Her money, however, is being well invested. It is true that from the point of view of a short-sighted mercantile accountant the affair is bad business, and that it may take the whole hinterland of Melilla twenty years to repay the Spanish Exchequer this week's bill for cartridges. But proud and ancient nations are not exactly the same as hucksters' shops; and many things besides an immediate cash profit or loss must be brought into the balance-sheet of the Riff campaign.

First and foremost, Spain is recovering her prestige as a European Power—surely an inestimable asset. The Moors have already been taught that she is as unwilling as France to be injured and insulted. What is much more to the point, the greater Powers have been reminded that the disasters of Manila Bay and of Santiago de Cuba were not, after all, the oft-predicted "finis Hispaniae". To many open-eyed and open-minded observers the events of the past three weeks have been a revelation. They have seen an effective remnant of the Spanish navy (popularly supposed to be non-existent) bombarding hill-fortresses, seizing contraband of war, and co-operating with land forces according to the modern rules of the game. They have seen military balloons mounting up through the fiery African airs in order that highly-trained aeronauts might direct by telephone the men behind the brand-new field-guns. They have seen an army of 30,000 men debarked on an unfriendly coast without a hitch. The horses of the cavalry have moved every beholder to admiration. As for the officers, who were fondly reputed to have no heart or mind for anybody or anything save Lola and Carmen and espadas and bulls, they are proving themselves to be every inch of them soldiers and worthy leaders of the stout fighting men who form the rank and file. In short, Spain is showing in Morocco, as she showed in Barcelona, that she is not a mere geographical expression, or an outworn dynastic survival, but that she is a well-manned, self-respecting State, able both to enforce order at home and to wage war abroad.

For us in England all this has a significance which too many people are overlooking. It goes to prove that our lightly-regarded Anglo-Spanish understanding is distinctly worth having and worth fostering. Happily, Sir Edward Grey was on the right side in this matter long before Spain had shown her present mettle, but among Britons at large an entente with Spain has not been taken seriously. For years people felt drawn to the frank and generous boy-king. They were glad that Alfonso XIII. married an English princess and that his yacht won a cup at Cowes. They were still more pleased when the reconstruction of the Spanish navy was confided to English brains; but they found in this arrangement only a naval and financial compliment, and shut their eyes to its political importance. With the French, against whom we have fought fifty times more than we have fought against the Spanish, an entente has come to be treated as a matter of course, in spite of the worthless-

ness of France's navy and the studied selfishness of her fiscal attitude to her best customers. But an entente with the Spaniards, although it might prove distinctly more useful both on the low levels of commerce and on the mountain-tops of the highest high politics, is generally regarded as a sentimental chimera pursued by a meagre dozen or score of unpractical hobby-riders.

The chief reason for this English irresponsiveness towards an Anglo-Spanish understanding is not hard to find. Our schoolbooks and popular histories have kept alive in generation after generation of English boys and girls a religious hatred of the Spaniard almost comparable with the Spaniard's own hatred of the Moor. It is much more than three hundred years since the Spanish Armada was battered and scattered; and since that astounding day Englishmen and Spaniards have fought side by side against a dictator whose menace to England was at least as dire as the second Philip's. Modern historians have disproved slander after slander against the Church in the Peninsula; yet Englishmen, for all they have the Elizabethan penal laws upon their consciences, still feel that Tennyson exactly hit the mark when he burst out with his "Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain". In the past France has behaved quite as badly as Spain to her English captives, and far worse to her own people; but because there is no such odium theologicum in the one case as in the other, the poor Spaniard must be hanged for stealing a lamb while the Frenchman is indulged in lifting a fat sheep. No doubt some slow good is being done by the thousands of English visitors to Spain who return home and contradict the more grotesque libels on the Spanish people; but probably many and many a year must pass before the exceeding high mountain of anti-Spanish prejudice is removed and cast into the sea of oblivion.

In this business, however, we have not many and many a year to spare. A certain subterranean influence has long been traceable under all the confused turmoil of Moorish affairs; and if we do not make reasonable haste in clinching a friendship with Spain, another Power may supplant us. We have Gibraltar, and we mean to keep it; but Gibraltar is not everything. As the mistress of strong points on both sides of the Strait, Spain can be either our very important enemy or our very important friend. There is no time to lose. Of course it would be pleasanter and easier if we could truthfully point to a great mass of pro-Spanish sentiment backing up our diplomacy; but, fortunately, the ravages of democracy have hardly reached the Foreign Office, and England can still make treaties and alliances in the light of a wisdom and a knowledge not necessarily shared by the man in the street. As the sanction of Parliament was not sought as a preliminary to our alliance with Japan, there would be nothing outrageous in sealing and signing and delivering a prudent document to the Spaniard, who is, after all, a white man, a European, and a Christian. Best of all, the Spaniard is well disposed to us just now. He is holding out his hand.

One historic obstacle to formal Anglo-Spanish friendship has quite lately begun to fade away. So long as responsible Spaniards dreamed of absorbing Portugal into a united Peninsular kingdom, England was forced to hold Spain at arm's length. Our bond with Portugal is more than an understanding. It is an alliance which, despite a tiff or two, has endured for more than five hundred years. Portuguese statesmen openly speak of the alliance with England as the key-stone of their foreign policy and as the only effective guarantee of their nation's independence. We on our part enjoy the advantages of Lisbon and of the Açores, the vital importance of which is known to every naval strategist; and, in order to maintain friendship with Portugal, we have hitherto had to face the possibility of trouble with Spain. So long as the two countries were solidly monarchical, the danger was real. But it hardly exists to-day. Even if Spain had the men and the money and the temper for an old-fashioned war of aggression, she could not take the risk of placing herself between the two fires of Catalonian Separatism and Portuguese Nationalism. Besides, as the Republicans of Madrid have long been trying to worry the

flank of monarchical Spain by fomenting Republican outbursts in Lisbon and Oporto, it is in every way the interest of Spain's present rulers to strengthen the hands of authority in the neighbouring kingdom and to maintain the existing status. There must still be a Spain and a Portugal, just as there must still be a Norway and a Sweden; and now that Spain is learning this truth, one of the greatest hindrances to her active and all-round friendship with England is nearly gone.

So much for the more portentous issues of the Anglo-Spanish understanding. They cannot, of course, mature in an hour or a day. Meanwhile, however, all men of good will towards Spain may accomplish something in the right direction. Mr. Arthur Keyser, our Consul at Seville, has written to the "Morning Post" making the timely suggestion that Englishmen who cherish "happy recollections of days spent in Spain may be glad of an opportunity for privately showing their sympathy with a people whose kindness to strangers is so well known". Any sums which reach the Consul will be sent to the Captain-General of Andalusia, for the needs of those whose fathers or sons have been killed in the war. The first aim of every Englishman who responds to this appeal will be to place a steaming puchero on many a table which would else stand bare; but, without rubbing the bloom off an act of disinterested benevolence, perhaps it is permissible to add that such an alms-deed will also be both an act of reparation for past malice and uncharitableness towards the Spaniards and an act of faith in a better future.

#### THE MISCHIEF-MAKER AT OXFORD.

AS keen tariff reformers we can regard the interference in the Oxford representation by a few professors and lesser academics only as a piece of sheer gratuitous mischief-making. There are no such egregious busybodies as learned or professedly learned men who think they have a turn for affairs. Truly we are not surprised at this move. As soon as it was arranged, with the general approval of the best Unionist opinion throughout the country, that Lord Hugh Cecil should stand as Conservative candidate for the University, we were very sure that some academic statesman would find the opportunity to put himself forward too good to be missed. So Professor Bourne and his friends promptly began running about to find someone they could use as figurehead. To be known as the engineers of a domestic opposition to Lord Hugh Cecil would give them an importance and a publicity they could hardly even aspire to in ordinary circumstances. They would be talked of far beyond academic circles. So whatever might be the result of their intervention and the election, something would be gained. And Dr. Evans has apparently lent himself to their little plan with alacrity. His letter of acceptance is a very humorous document—unintentionally we are afraid. In the time-honoured style he first deprecates the honour that is thrust upon him—he would put it from him, but he hears the nation calling him; he must not fail the nation in the hour of need, and so he accepts the honour. Unlike a certain other man, Dr. Evans can dig, but he is not ashamed to beg—to beg for votes and favour; truly he takes himself sufficiently seriously in setting forth his claims. He evidently thinks in all sincerity that he alone can save Oxford from a great disaster; that he is a better man in every way than Lord Hugh Cecil; and that he deserves credit for really very considerable self-sacrifice in allowing himself to be put forward. He has the scientific mind which Lord Hugh Cecil lacks; he has intelligence for University reform which Lord Hugh has not; he has a soul above the self-sufficiency, the strange limitations, the inability to appreciate the need of scientific methods characteristic of the type of mind (Lord Hugh's type) produced by existing conditions. He is not, as poor Lord Hugh Cecil, a political refugee, the last resource of a worn-out Anglicanism. In fine, if Dr. Evans is not elected, the University will be virtually disfranchised.

This is truly and exactly the spirit of Dr. Evans' letter of acceptance, and not very far from its words. Its good taste may be left uncanvassed; its pompous self-importance smiled at. But its claims must be considered for a moment.

This letter put the matter plainly on a personal basis. That Dr. Evans should think that he is, and Lord Hugh is not, the man for Oxford University is natural enough. Others, in a better position to take a detached view, may not accept Dr. Evans' opinion of himself as conclusive. We have to choose between two men. Oxford, as any other University, ought not to choose its representative in Parliament just on the ordinary party lines: it ought to look for a distinguished personality, one that stands for an ideal as well as for a party; who will be able to contribute to public life something more than the mere politician, and yet be able to take his stand in the arena like the rest and to meet them on their own ground. Well we have Dr. Evans—academic, archaeologist, unknown to public life—put forward as the orthodox Unionist candidate; we have Lord Hugh Cecil, the bearer of a great name, son of a Chancellor of Oxford University, a public man of experience and of real influence in the House of Commons, due, perhaps, mainly to regard for his character, an orator, and in some ways a genius. Which of the two is likely to represent Oxford University with more distinction in Parliament? The question has only to be put to show Dr. Evans' candidature in a farcical light. What disabling counts, then, are there against Lord Hugh? Dr. Evans is not above the cheap appeal to prejudice which suggests that his opponent is run by an extreme ecclesiastical party. It is true Lord Hugh Cecil has religious convictions, and Dr. Evans may think this a mistake in a public man, just as from the point of view of success it has been a mistake in Lord Hugh to have political convictions. Lord Hugh Cecil is a High Churchman; he is not a Ritualist. Churchmen will decide for themselves whether it is more against a candidate for Oxford University to be a High Churchman than, as Dr. Evans, not to be a Churchman at all. Lord Hugh is not an academic; Dr. Evans is. Is this indeed in Dr. Evans' favour? What University don or professor has ever been a really effective member of Parliament? Neither Lecky nor Jebb, each of them a much greater man than Dr. Evans, was a Parliamentary success. Moreover Oxford is already represented by one member of the Oxford inner, academic circle; so there is the more reason why the other should be chosen from without. Then, we are told, Lord Hugh would not assist University reform. Dr. Evans' clique are taking dangerous ground in urging this. If Convocation were really persuaded that Lord Hugh was against reform, or revolution, of the University, we have no doubt at all he would be elected. In fact, however, we suspect he would assist reasonable reform in the government of the University, the reform we all desire; but we dare say he is strongly opposed to flooding Oxford with Board-school boys, to making Oxford a training-ground for the organisation of strikes, to cutting her connexion with the Church of England, to putting a business course, bookkeeping, etc., in the place of classics. If these are Dr. Evans' ideals, no doubt Lord Hugh is a bad candidate for reform purposes. But he will not be alone in his iniquity.

But all this talk of unsympathy with Oxford reform is mere pretext. There is only one reason why Lord Hugh is opposed by a Unionist—because he is not a tariff reformer. Let him square his convictions for once and stand as a tariff reformer, and where would Dr. Evans be? Laughed out of his candidature. Not a word about Oxford reform would be listened to or indeed uttered. If Lord Hugh were a tariff reformer, not a Unionist would even criticise his candidature. And from the tariff reform point of view, which is ours, how does the case stand? In the first place, we are certain it will be hurtful to the good name of the tariff reform cause if it is associated with the hounding out of public life of such men as Lord Hugh Cecil and his brother. The Confederate game is making mischief and nothing else. But even on the result in votes in the House the

effect of Dr. Evans' interference can only be hurtful. Lord Hugh Cecil will be elected—everyone knows there are forces behind him too strong to be beaten. So the real question is the effect of Dr. Evans' candidature on the other seat. There will be at any rate two candidates in the field for it—Sir William Anson and Dr. Evans. Why should anyone wish Dr. Evans to supplant Sir William Anson? And if Sir William is elected again, what will have been the use of Dr. Evans' intervention at all? But there is another far from impossible result. The Oxford Liberals will be foolish indeed if, seeing three Unionist candidates in the field for two seats, they do not put forward a man of their own. They would then vote for their own candidate, and not improbably for Lord Hugh as a free trader. It is not at all impossible that the Liberal candidate would come second on the poll. Then Dr. Evans' tariff reform friends will have the satisfaction of knowing they have caused Oxford University to be represented by two free-traders, one of them a Radical. This would be a fitting conclusion to the Evans movement, which is a deliberate attempt, with a good deal of petty spite in it, to breed bad blood among Unionists. These domestic feuds are always very bitter, and we cannot say that academic atmosphere seems at all likely to assuage the bitterness of this one. None who really cared for the interests of the Unionist party, still less for the health of public life, would have forced this domestic strife on the Unionists of Oxford University.

#### THE CITY.

WHAT is the motive of the extraordinary gyrations of the Harriman stocks we have not the least idea, nor do we believe that anybody in London knows, and even in New York the number of the initiated must be very small. On Wednesday Union Pacifics rose from 220 to 224, and then fell in the street market to 216. Steel Commons likewise fell from 81 to 78. The danger of outsiders dealing in these stocks may best be gauged by looking at the prices of options. The put or call of Unions for the end of September is 7 to 8 dollars, the put and call being 16 dollars. Till the end of November a single option costs 10 dollars. The put or call of Steel Commons for the end of September is 3½ dollars. Dabblers who sup with Mr. Harriman have need of a long spoon. As we are not equipped with such an article we confess to being afraid of this gentleman's stocks, and shall continue to be so until he takes us into his confidence. "Put" options in Unions and Steels are a fair gamble, like backing the red or the black, but the double option is too expensive, for after giving \$20 for the put and call of Unions for the end of November they might hang about their present price for the next six months.

The Kaffir market is really dull, with the exception of Goldfields and Chartered, where a certain amount of gambling is going on round the reputed Abercorn find. We can hardly believe in the shortage of black labour. It is the usual holiday talky-talky, for the financial editors must write about something in the dog days. If it were true, the slump might be pronounced, as the jobbers have been helping themselves pretty freely. Alaska Treadwells are over 7, and Alaska Mexicans have risen to 3½-3¾. The latter is the best mining share to buy at the moment.

Membakut Rubber Limited differs from the ordinary run of these companies in that it is the guaranteed offspring of the British North Borneo Company, which is a chartered company exercising sovereign rights in the Protectorate of North Borneo. It is, of course, a little pompous to speak of it in the prospectus as "the Government". It is a chartered company with a net or profit revenue of £54,020 (after defraying cost of administration) and a sum standing to the credit of the profit and loss account of £140,223. The Membakut Rubber Company has a capital of £150,000, divided into 100,000 guaranteed shares (5 per cent.) and 50,000 non-guaranteed shares (all of £1) reserved for future issue. Membakut is formed to acquire from the Government, i.e. the British North Borneo Company, a concession of 5000 acres of jungle, of which 500 acres have been cleared but not planted, for

£25,000 in cash. The estate is practically a freehold, and the British North Borneo Company guarantees 5 per cent. on 100,000 shares for six years, and in 1915 undertakes to buy all shares offered at par, provided that all moneys advanced by the B. N. B. Company for dividends shall be repaid by Membakut "without interest out of profits exceeding 6 per cent. in any year on the whole of the capital for the time being paid up, and that no debentures or other shares shall be issued until such repayment without the consent in writing of the Government". The British North Borneo Company, or the Government, has, moreover, underwritten 80,000 shares, the minimum subscription on which allotment may be made, for a commission of 6 per cent. in cash. It will thus be seen that with a cash consideration of £25,000, preliminary expenses put at £3000, underwriting commission £4800, and with, say, £500 for brokerage, a sum amounting to £33,300 has to be deducted from the £100,000 issued, leaving £66,700 for working capital, supposing 100,000 shares applied for; if only 80,000 shares are applied for, the working capital will be £44,700. Taking the larger sum, £66,000 is a wholly inadequate working capital to bring 5000 acres of jungle into the rubber-tapping stage. From the experience of Ceylon and the Federated Malay States, the minimum expenditure necessary is £30 per acre, in addition to the cost of the land. Membakut Rubber therefore ought to have a working capital of £150,000. It is true that it has 50,000 shares in reserve, and that, if the first clearing and planting are successful, it will have no difficulty in raising fresh capital. It is obvious that the shareholders are quite certain to get their 5 per cent. for six years, and if 200 acres are planted with 100 trees to the acre by the beginning of October, in six years' time the revenue might be nearly £5000. There is not any risk about Membakut, and if shareholders will be content with 5 per cent. for the next eight years they may be recommended to subscribe.

The smash-up of the Piccadilly Hotel and the report of the Official Receiver reveal a great defect in our company law. We do not mean the fact that the shareholders have lost £1,502,676—that is "an accident of hourly proof", and, besides, most of the shares were probably "boodle", or promoters' profit. We mean that the unsecured creditors—in other words, the tradesmen—have been let in for £854,641, and that a great part of these debts were incurred by the directors just before the debenture-holders foreclosed. It is true that the directors say that when they ordered the goods they were negotiating a loan of £500,000 with the trustees of the prior lien debentures, which fell through. But instances are constantly occurring of tradesmen supplying goods to companies, and then being cut out of payment by the debenture-holders. Of course, as the smash is a big one, great "sympathy" is expressed for the directors. Had the failure been for a tenth part of the sum, instead of sympathy they would probably have received writs.

#### INSURANCE: POLICIES AT LOW PREMIUMS.

##### III.

LIfe assurance policies under which the sum assured is paid at death whenever it happens, for which premiums have to be paid throughout life, and which do not share in the profits of the company, are frequently regarded with disfavour because, if a policyholder lives a reasonably long time, the total amount which he pays in premiums may exceed the sum payable to his estate at death. If a man commencing at age thirty pays a premium of £100 a year for a non-profit whole-life policy the sum assured is £5130. If he dies at age eighty-one, his estate gets back all the premiums he has paid, but without any interest. If he dies at age sixty-one, the premiums paid accumulated at 3 per cent. compound interest are returned to his estate. If he dies between sixty-one and eighty-one, the interest is less than 3 per cent.; and if he survives eighty-one, the sum assured is less than the total paid in premiums.

This, of course, is a wrong way of looking at the

matter, because, as we have frequently explained, part of each premium is applied to pay for the chance of receiving a great deal more than the savings accumulated out of premiums, and only part of each premium is available for investment purposes. A prominent characteristic of non-profit whole-life assurance is the large amount of insurance protection which is provided. Death may occur before the second premium of £100 is paid, in which event more than £5100 would be paid to the heirs of the policyholder. The commercial value of this protection is approximately £40; that is to say, a man can go to a life office and pay about £8 for a term policy which guarantees the payment of £1000 to his estate in the event of his death within one year, but of nothing at all if he survives for twelve months.

Bearing this insurance protection in mind, let us see what a man of thirty could do with £100 a year paid for whole-life assurance with participation in profits. The sum assured in the first year would be about £3865, or £1265 less than under a non-profit policy. This protection for an additional £1265 is commercially worth about £10 a year. Thus under the non-profit policy about £40 out of the first annual premium is used for protection, and under the with-profit policy only about £30 is employed for this purpose. Ignoring any question of expenses, £60 is available for savings or investment under the non-profit policy, and £70 under the with-profit policy. It is clearly inappropriate to compare the results of saving £60 a year with those of saving £70 a year; the annual premium of £100 is employed differently in the two cases, there being more protection and less saving under one policy than under the other. Even if a man does take a non-profit policy at thirty, and lives to eighty, he is receiving a vast deal more than merely the return of all the premiums paid, although this is the apparent result, because all the time he has had a varying amount of insurance protection, the value of which ought not to be ignored because he happens to live long, any more than the value of fire-insurance protection should be disregarded because no fire occurs.

Under a good life policy sharing in the profits, the sum assured, if increased by the addition of bonuses, would equal the amount of the non-profit policy at the end of seventeen years, and thereafter the with-profit policy would be considerably and increasingly larger than the non-profit. The latter would remain constant at £5130 if taken at age thirty at an annual cost of £100, while the former policy would assure £5400 at the end of twenty years, £6400 at the end of thirty years, £7600 at the end of forty years, and £9000 when, after being assured for fifty years, the policyholder reached the age of eighty. The probable lifetime of a man effecting a policy at age thirty is a further thirty-seven years, by which time the with-profit policy would greatly exceed the non-participating assurance. Out of 1,000 people effecting their assurance at age thirty it is to be expected that the heirs of 155 would gain by taking non-profit policies, while those of 845 would benefit by taking really first-class with-profit assurance; but the dependants of the 845, no less than those of the minority, would have had the valuable benefit of the greater amount of insurance protection if without-profit assurance had been chosen. Thus the question between with-profit and without-profit policies is a matter for each individual according to his circumstances; if the largest amount of provision for dependants in the event of premature death is the greatest need, then a non-profit policy should be chosen. If less protection and a larger return in the event of living long is more desirable, then a with-profit policy should be taken.

#### THE FUTURE OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

BY DR. P. CHALMERS MITCHELL F.R.S.

##### I.

THE Zoological Society of London has pursued an almost unbending course since its institution. It received a Royal Charter in 1829 for "the advancement of Zoology and Animal Physiology, and for the introduction of new and curious subjects of the Animal Kingdom". From the first it has been a scientific body, holding

meetings for the discussion of scientific topics, entering into correspondence with learned societies and individuals throughout the world, publishing the memoirs presented at its meetings, exchanging these with the corresponding publications of similar bodies, and from this main source accumulating a library of high scientific importance. With a few notable exceptions the zoologists most active in the Society have been devoted to the systematic side of their subject, and the staff of the British Museum of Natural History has continued to supply a great proportion of those whose steady influence has moulded the character of the scientific work, scientific publications and library of the Society. The Council, the governing body, has always been drawn largely from systematic zoologists, the other and more fluctuating elements having consisted chiefly of noblemen and country gentlemen with a taste for natural history, wealthy amateur collectors, and an occasional professor of eminence.

An oligarchy of such a nature acting through presidents and secretaries of distinction and resource kept a firm grip on the fortunes of the Society, and treated the general body of Fellows, who subscribed chiefly because they were fond of animals and wished to see them on Sundays, with a benevolent tolerance. The offices, museum and library were in Central London, and there the Council met, keeping closely in touch with the scientific work of the Society and directing the Gardens from a distance.

By the provisions of the charter the secretary is the chief executive officer of the Society, and the post was held for a number of years by a series of learned gentlemen who were unpaid, and who were precisely of the type of the honorary officers who conduct the affairs of most of the learned societies. The Society met and discussed species, the experts of the Museum contributing largely; the "Scientific Proceedings" were published with a fair regularity, and the collection of skins and skulls and the library grew. A decent interest was taken in the Gardens at Regent's Park; good landscape gardening was carried out, and the animals, especially when they were of zoological interest, were sedulously chronicled and tolerably housed. The immediate management of the menagerie, however, was in the hands of servants. In such circumstances the Society slowly withered, and its annual income, which had been nearly £14,000 in 1829, sunk to £7,765 in 1847.

In 1847 the Council perceived the pass to which the Society had come, and changes of an important nature were brought about. The initial step was to appoint a secretary who should be a paid officer and give his whole time to the affairs of the Society. The new secretary, D. W. Mitchell, a man of high talent and great energy, was devoted to living animals, and redirected the attention of the Society to their living collection. The Council resolved that the menagerie was the "primary and almost sole object" of interest to Fellows and to the general public. It was agreed to abandon the museum, the collections being dispersed to provincial museums after the national Museum had selected what it required. The housing of the animals and the convenience of the public at the Gardens were greatly improved. Special efforts were made to secure the importation of animals by appointing as corresponding members of the Society persons in official positions in different parts of the world. Popular lectures on zoology at the Gardens were arranged for and a Guide to the Gardens, on the model which survived until 1903, was prepared. In the twelve years during which Mitchell was secretary the income of the Society doubled, the extent and interest of the collection at the Gardens increased greatly, and the foundation of their repute as a place of popular resort was firmly laid. This renewed prosperity, however, also affected the scientific side. The library was enriched by a beautiful series of studies from the living animals made by Wolf, one of the finest painters of animals that has ever lived. The scientific meetings flourished; the published "Scientific Proceedings" took their modern form, almost approached their modern size, and were illustrated by coloured plates. There remained, however, a steady bent in the direction of systematic zoology, and the

isolation of the Gardens from the central offices and management crystallised the division of the Society into a scientific and menagerie side.

In 1859 D. W. Mitchell resigned, to undertake the direction of the new Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris, and was succeeded by Dr. P. L. Sclater, who continued in office until 1903. Dr. Sclater proved to be a secretary of strong character and high capacity, widely interested in zoological science, but with a marked bent towards the systematic and museum side, his own great contributions to knowledge being chiefly in the sphere of naming new species and in studying the relation of species to geographical distribution. None the less he took a deep interest in other forms of zoological work, and was unwearyed in his encouragement of young zoologists. Under his régime the library grew and prospered; the scientific meetings became a recognised arena for the discussion of zoological problems and for the exhibition of rarities, and the scientific publications increased in size and importance. His dominating interest, however, was systematic zoology, and as this was agreeable to the most persistent element on the Council, the character of the scientific work of the Society was inclined in that direction. In 1865 the office of prosector was created, with the object of making a proper use of the rich material provided by animals that died in the collection. The first prosector was a stubborn anatomist, with an abstract passion for descriptive anatomy as apart from any purpose to which it could be applied, but his successors, although of ability at the least equal, were more pliable, and their work was almost limited to anatomy as a guide to classification. The popular lectures at the Gardens slowly flickered out, and the funds devoted to them were applied towards the preparation of an annual "Record of Zoology", a publication of high technical importance, but useful primarily to systematists.

The divorce between the Gardens and the general work of the Society persisted, the gap, indeed, becoming wider. The Council gave the Gardens an intermittent and somewhat condescending attention, most of them being aroused to interest only by the arrival of hitherto undescribed forms or of additions "new to the collection". The active superintendence was in the hands of A. D. Bartlett, a man of humble origin and little education, certainly with a bent for the management of living things, but with an innate conservatism that silently acquiesced in a policy of drift. Scientific observation of living animals, not as museum specimens but as living things, was almost wholly confined to those who had no official connexion with the Society, and the management of the Gardens slowly fell behind that of similar institutions. With the growth of London, however, the Society grew slowly, and its income, which had doubled in the twelve years from 1847 to 1859, again doubled in the forty-three years from 1859 to 1903. Indications of the demand for a change became more and more plain, and in 1903, when Dr. Sclater retired, the Society showed its keen desire for new ideas, a desire equally plainly shown on the Council and amongst Fellows generally, and quite independent of any personal considerations.

#### THE SPORTSMAN OF 1909.

BY EDWARD H. COOPER.

"THE new club-house at the S— links", said an enthusiastic member, "is a marvellous place. The walls are papered with that new-fashioned stamped paper looking like tapestry. The sofas and arm-chairs are thick blue velvet, and the carpets are like old turf. The chef comes from the Savoy, and every dressing-room has got a bathroom attached to it. And there's a golf links too."

The man who was talking in this fashion meant to be sarcastic; except for this good intention he was a typical modern sportsman. Can you wonder at the contemptible condition of sport to-day when you study a golf house of this description, or the pavilion and luncheon arrangements at Lord's, or the arrangements for your comfort

at Sandown Park, Kempton Park, Goodwood and such-like places?

Dealing with the racing world (because I chance to know it best) one is first and above all things anxious to know why half the people are here at all. The lawns at Brighton or the Botanical Gardens are quite as picturesque and healthy, and the visitors to them are not bothered by the sudden departure of their male escorts to Tattersall's Ring or to Stands whence they can look at some tiresome race. The casinos at Dinard or Dieppe are not very much farther off, and the *petits-chevaux* tables there are much more these people's "form". What on earth are they doing on an English racecourse? These are the folk, men and women, who go to bull-fights in Spain and almost weep with boredom if no man is killed or animal tortured to death at regular intervals; and who (the men at any rate) eighteen hundred years ago lay in hot baths in Rome or Pompeii while someone read witty poetry to them. Their programme of an agreeable afternoon's sport is a special train running into the middle of a club lawn, a five-course lunch with much whiskey-and-Perrier and black coffee and Grand Marnier to follow, three hours in an arm-chair varied by afternoon tea and a little comfortable successful gambling, and a return to London in the above-mentioned train. If you can imagine a pig in a sty making an occasional bet with another pig as to which of three cocks in the neighbouring yard will crow the oftenest, and spending the rest of his time lying on straw or eating at his trough, you have a model of the modern race-going Englishman.

I am moved to these reflections by the discovery during a recent visit to Newmarket that even this metropolis of the racing world is beginning to surrender itself to the modern craze for luxury. Here was a place which was the world's model for racing life of every description. "Our trainers are smarter than yours", said an American to me two or three years ago, "our jockeys are brainier, and our horses can leave yours standing still; but I always feel that we are there to play poker while you're out for sport." British mankind was walking or riding up the Bury Hills at 6 A.M. watching training gallops before the west wind had blown the October mists away across the hundred miles of level space which separate this high wide heath-land from The Wash. Horses with names almost world-famous strode past you in a swinging gallop; trainers, jockeys, newspaper correspondents and a bevy of friends stood in little groups, or sat on their hacks, to watch the horses, a score of newspaper folk being ready to flash the news through Great Britain if the Cambridgeshire favourite is seen to falter or heard to cough. Here comes the King trotting up the hill on a neat-looking hack; and, cantering behind him, a well-known trainer's son, with hands and heels well down, and his cap at that subtle inclination of the head which betokens that the wearer knows something to beat the favourite.

At nine you go in to an immense breakfast, and at 1.30 up to the racecourse—by no means to an armchair and overfed leisure. One race finishes at the Ditch Mile Post half a mile away, and you must walk down to the little Stand to see it; another at the Criterion Stands half a mile in the other direction, and you must go there too; while between every other race you must go to the Birdcage and listen to the sapient counsels of jockeys, trainers and owners. A man who has passed an afternoon of that description has won something besides money, and has certainly earned his dinner; just as the small stable-lad, who has arrived at the stable at 4.30 A.M., has "done" his horse, ridden him at exercise on Long Hill in the morning and in a race this afternoon, and stabled, groomed and fed him afterwards, has finished a healthy day's work.

But the languid sportsman of 1909 has decided that he cannot manage the walk up to the Criterion Stands, which have accordingly been abolished, and there is already some talk of the Ditch Mile Stand following them into oblivion. And some of the American trainers who have come over this year to afflict the English racing world with American methods of training, riding and managing horses, have decided that it is a mistake for a boy to ride the horse which he "does", and propose

accordingly to introduce two sets of youths for these various purposes. I find no difficulty in believing that an American jockey requires an amount of knowledge for American racing purposes which it will take him all his time to acquire and utilise. The old-fashioned English method, it must be remembered, is only possible in the case of small boys who are required merely to win a race by honest, hard riding. I doubt very strongly whether the elder American jockeys, brilliant and straightforward riders such as Maher, learnt their business in such a miserable school.

Luxury of this sort, I fancy, came to us from Paris, whose racecourses are large and well-managed gardens, with comfortable garden-seats everywhere, big open fires standing about in cold weather, luncheon and tea rooms whose cooking you compare, sometimes favourably and sometimes unfavourably, with Durand's and Paillard's, and gorgeous flower-beds worthy of Hyde Park in June. The Parisian takes his wife—or the other lady—there to display her new hat, and incidentally (baccarat being unfortunately not available) to make a little money on the races, if Providence is kind, with which to pay for the aforesaid hat. He knows the horse merely as "No. 7" or "No. 10"; cries out, "Sacré! il gagne au pas!" about a stable companion who is making the running for it; and generally regards the racecourse as a large and rather ill-managed *petits-chevaux* table. Of course there are many French and very many Italian sportsmen to whom none of this applies in the least; but I fancy it represents the racing attitude of two-thirds of an ordinary assembly at Longchamps, Auteuil, Nice and Rome.

There are several reasons why armchair garden-party racing of this description is as undesirable as it is contemptible. In the first place, it is a good deal less healthy than an old-fashioned racing day at Newmarket, Epsom, Liverpool or Doncaster. An English trainer who dislikes being run in a special train up to an armchair on a lawn, and deposited there for the afternoon, told me the other day that he was going to clamber for Turkish baths at these "Park" racecourses, that being the only cure for the indigestion which they gave him. I suggested a return to the above-mentioned Roman baths; one might lie about the lawns and enclosures in gently running hot water, the baths being in rising tiers so that one need only just lift one's head to see an occasional race go by. The idea would certainly have appealed to the youth of Rome, though the climate might complicate matters at Sandown Park.

Chiefly, however, garden-party racing is much more expensive than the other kind, and allows far too much leisure for the proceedings by which one proposes to—but mostly does not—pay the extra cost. A man who gets up out of a cushioned garden-chair to make a bet, and then subsides into his seat again, is a gambler and not a sportsman. One wonders what the Marquis of Hastings or Admiral Rous would have said to a person who backed a horse which he saw for the first time as it cantered down to the starting-post; or would have replied to him if he had offered him afternoon tea between the races!

#### GARDENS WITHOUT FLOWERS.

BY SIR WILLIAM EDEN BART.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that it is flowers that ruin a garden, at any rate many gardens. Flowers in a cottage garden, yes. Hollyhocks against a grey wall; orange lilies against a white one; white lilies against a mass of green; aubretia and arabis and thrift to edge your walks. Delphiniums against a yew hedge and lavender anywhere. But the delight in colour, as people say, in large gardens is the offensive thing: flowers combined with shrubs and trees! The gardens of the Riviera, for instance; Cannes and the much praised vulgar Monte Carlo—beds of begonias, cinerarias at the foot of a palm, the terrible crimson rambler trailing around its trunk. I have never seen a garden of taste in France. Go to Italy, go to Tivoli,

and then you will see what I mean by the beauty of a garden without flowers—yews, cypress, statues, steps, fountains—sombre, dignified, restful. And as every picture should have a bit of distance to let the eye out of it, here and there you get a peep at the hills. Distant beauty in a glimpse—given in a setting—a bit at a time. And you may add if you like a moving figure; “an Eve in this Eden of ruling grace”. Above this as you look up, you recollect, is the Villa d’Este; classic—the garden and the architecture suited the one to the other. How I remember the noble stone pines in the Borghese at Rome. The sad and reticent cypress in the Boboli Gardens at Florence round about the fountains—what depth and dignity of background; a place to wander in and be free. After all, the suitability of things is what is admirable. Are they “in value”, as artists say? The relation of tones correct? They do not swear? A woman suitably dressed, a man properly mounted, a picture well framed. People talk of colour; “I like a bit of colour in this cold and gloomy climate” they say. Agreed; but what is colour and where? Titian was a colourist, but always low in tone. Put a yellow viola beside the brightest tints of Titian and you will see. Keep your effects subdued. Never mix reds or pinks and yellow; put yellow and orange and green and white together; put blues and mauves and greys together; and let your backgrounds be broad, neutral, plain. If you have an herbaceous border against a wall, let the creepers on that wall be without flowers or nearly so. Let the wall be the background to frame it. You would not hang a Tintoretto on a Gobelin tapestried wall.

Have you ever been to Penshurst? There again is the beauty of a garden without flowers. It may have been accident; it may have been the time of year that made me like it so. There is an orchard and yew hedges and Irish yews and grass paths. And there is a tank with lovely pink brick edges and sides and water lilies and fish, and it is surrounded by a yew hedge and grass paths, and its four corners have steps down to the wall, and a ball on each pedestal at its base. And the apple blossom peeps over the hedge; and the raw sienna of the lichen everywhere on the stone gives the richness of gold; and that’s all there is in the colour scheme. The only flowers I noticed were patches, unrestrained and unplanned, of auriculas, evidently from seed—all colours: many fringed with margins of gold like the eyes of “la fille aux yeux d’or” in Balzac’s novel. All else was richness, depth, and calm, abstract but clearly felt.

Against this of course there is the garden of the Manor House, the wealth and luxuriance that is the result of the soil that suits and the flowers that dwell so happily against the grey old walls. There you can scarce go wrong—campanulas, foxgloves, endless lists of things. Flagged courtyards, flagged paths, sundials—you know it all. And if you can find a place with a moat, a clump of yews and a kingfisher, stay there if you can.

Never have flowers against a balustrade, only grass or gravel. Begonias, geraniums, calceolarias are hard to manage anywhere. Annuals are delightful, but their reign is short. Try nemophila called discoidalis—dull rather in colour as they say and like auriculas more or less. Linaria too you know—a very useful purple—it goes well with gypsophila.

You must have noticed that many flowers most beautiful cut are impossible grown in beds. Carnations, for instance, roses, and sweet peas. You take your lady down to dinner. She is fond of flowers. She knows what she likes, and she admires the decorations. They are certain to be either sweet peas and gypsophila or smilax and malmaisons. You try to make way amongst the smilax for her knick-knacks—her fan, her gloves, her scent, her powder puff, her matches and cigarettes. Eventually she puts half of them on her lap, and you have to get them from the floor after dinner—which you hate—and she is more amused at your annoyance than grateful for your trouble. Such is her sense of humour and her manners.

Fruit is the proper decoration for a dinner-table,

not flowers. I am sure the Greeks only had fruit. Orchardson in that picture of “The Young Duke”, I think it is, has fruit only in the wonderfully painted accessories of the dinner-table. The Dukes are all alike, but the fruit and plate are not. But all fruit is not beautiful. Oranges and bananas for instance are not. Grapes, apples, pears and pineapples are. What is more beautiful than black grapes with the bloom on them in a silver or gold dish?

#### AT PORCHESTER.

By W. H. HUDSON.

TO the historically and archaeologically minded the castle and walls at Porchester are of great importance. Romans, Britons, Saxons, Normans—they all made use of this well-defended place for long centuries, and it still stands, much of it well preserved, to be explored and admired by many thousands of visitors every year. What most interested me was the sight of two small boys playing in the churchyard. The village church, as at Silchester, is inside the old Roman walls, in a corner, the village itself being some distance away. After strolling round the churchyard I sat down on a stone under the walls and began watching the two boys—little fellows of the cottage class from the village who had come, each with a pair of scissors, to trim the turf on two adjoining mounds. The bigger of the two, who was about ten years old, was very diligent and did his work neatly, trimming the grass evenly and giving the mound a nice smooth appearance. The other boy was not so much absorbed in his work; he kept looking up and making jeering remarks and faces at the other, and at intervals his busy companion put down his shears and went for him with tremendous spirit. Then a chase among and over the graves would begin; finally they would close, struggle, tumble over a mound and pommel one another with all their might. The struggle over, they would get up, shake off the dust and straws, and go back to their work. After a few minutes the youngest boy recovered from his punishment, and, getting tired of the monotony, would begin teasing again, and a fresh flight and battle would ensue.

By-and-by, after witnessing several of these fights, I went and sat down on a mound next to theirs and entered into conversation with them.

“Whose grave are you trimming?” I asked the elder boy.

It was his sister’s, he said, and when I asked him how long she had been dead, he answered “Twenty years”. She had died more than ten years before he was born. He said there had been eight of them born, and he was the youngest of the lot; his eldest brother was married and had children five or six years old. Only one of the eight had died—this sister, when she was a little girl. Her name was Mary, and one day every week his mother sent him to trim the mound. He did not remember when it began—he must have been very small. He had to trim the grass, and in summer to water it so as to keep it always smooth and fresh and green.

Before he had finished his story the other little fellow, who was not interested in it and was getting tired again, began in a low voice to mock at his companion, repeating his words after him. Then my little fellow, with a very serious, resolute air, put the scissors down, and in a moment they were both up and away, doubling this way and that, bounding over the mounds, like two young dogs at play, until, rolling over together, they fought again in the grass. There I left them and strolled away, thinking of the mother busy and cheerful in her cottage over there in the village, but always with that image of the little girl, dead these twenty years, in her heart.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**  
**UNDEVELOPED LAND.**

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 August 1909.

SIR,—In your notes on the land tax you say that "undoubtedly owners very often will be required to pay the tax on land which they cannot sell or develop if they would". I had just read these words when I happened to be passing through a village—or perhaps it would call itself a town—the outskirts of which are decorated by two huge boards containing an announcement that is at once significant and amusing. The village is Thorpe-le-Soken, a charming old-world Essex village within half-a-dozen miles or so of places like Walton, Frinton and Clacton, and an excellent centre from which to make excursions. Land on the fringe of Thorpe has been valuable in times past for agricultural purposes, and might be again if agriculture were not regarded by a certain school of economists as negligible. Here is the announcement which arrested my attention :

**"THORPE TOWN FREEHOLD BUILDING ESTATE.**

"This land will be sold by auction in plots, in a marquee on the estate, during the seasons of 1902 and 1903, commencing in June next, by Messrs. Protheroe and Morris, on the following easy terms: ten per cent. deposit, balance by nine quarterly instalments, five per cent. discount for cash within a month of date of sale; no charge for roads; the land will be sold free of tithe and land tax; no law costs, free conveyances", etc.

New Thorpe Avenue was laid out long ago, but there are no houses in it, and a notice-board on the ground contains the words "Hotel Site".

Surely here we have a case in point. The land was sold six or seven years ago, and the opportunities for development along the lines intended by the men who put their money into it have been such that the very boards announcing the sale have remained standing all this time. The plots are simply derelict. One or two have been rented as allotments, one or two feed cattle. The capital put into the purchase, probably by speculative builders, has simply been sunk. No one wants the houses it was proposed to erect, and the only person who has done reasonably well is the original vendor. Presumably he found farming under existing conditions less profitable than the offers of the plot-purchasers, who thought they saw the possibility of enterprise which circumstances have defeated.

Here then is undeveloped land which the owners would be only too glad to develop—are they to be taxed? Are the plots on which horses, or a cow or two, now graze to be treated as agricultural land? This is the opposite side of the question of increment. Ought the Government not to compensate the men who have put good money into a bad bargain with a view to meeting social necessities, and to relieve them of the tax levied on others who have made profit from social necessities without expending a penny?

I am yours truly, S. G. E.

**BENGALI LOYALTY.**

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bengal, 10 July 1909.

SIR,—The recent anarchist outrage has been followed, as all the others have been followed, by an outburst of expressions of loyalty from public meetings and the Indian press. This matter of the loyalty of the educated classes in India, and particularly in Bengal, is one which, we are assured by members of Parliament and others at home, admits of no question. But is this really so? Lord Morley, of course, is bound to uphold this doctrine to the utmost of his power, for on any other supposition his scheme of reform would stand self-revealed as a most dangerous experiment. Sir Henry Cotton, apparently, would support any proposition, true or otherwise, provided it gave him an opportunity of vilifying his countrymen

in India, while the other noisy questioners in the House of Commons know nothing about India. One could not, of course, expect Babu Surendranath Bannerjee to say anything but what he does say. If, however, we look carefully into the evidence as displayed in India itself, the question does not seem to be so entirely beyond the pale of discussion.

In the first place we are entitled to ask "What do you mean by loyalty?" If it means merely periodical outbursts of oratory, then doubtless the Bengalis are the loyalest of the loyal. But if it means anything more we must ask for proofs; and surely if it means anything it means support of the Government, tempered, no doubt, by reasonable criticism on points that admit of debate, but whole-hearted support in every genuine endeavour to put down crime or improve the condition of the people. Let us look at the facts. It is reasonable to suppose that unless the views expressed in the native press, both vernacular and English, found sympathetic audiences these papers would not be subscribed to, and the educated classes cannot blame us if we draw the inference that these views correspond with their own. But the most cursory examination of these publications will show that, with one or two exceptions, so far from extending any support to Government in any of its actions whatsoever, they systematically and bitterly oppose it. Nothing that it can do is right in their eyes. They denounce anarchism on one page, and on the next denounce Government for taking steps to frustrate the anarchists; they call out against the scandal of prolonged trials, and when Government devises more summary measures they cry out about Russian methods; they admit there is a conspiracy of anarchists, and when the police manage to lay hands on some of them they at once assume that the persons arrested are innocent and proceed to vilify the police. Throughout, their one motive idea is blind, unreasoning opposition to everything that Government does. This in itself would be bad enough, but the real mischief lies in their imputing the most malicious and sinister motives to Government, and crediting them with the one desire of suppressing all liberty and all signs of nascent nationality.

It is said that at least in the reception given to the Reform Scheme there was a unanimity of praise. It would not, indeed, be wonderful if persons who had received more than they ever expected or had any right to expect should find grace enough to bestow a word of thanks on the giver; but the fact is the unanimity was very short-lived. No sooner had Lord Morley indicated that he regarded not unfavourably the claims of the Mohammedans to separate representation than the Hindu papers began their campaign of calumny again. Babu Surendranath Bannerjee has been waxing eloquent at the Press Conference and elsewhere on the loyalty of the Bengalis. A certain editorial in "The Bengali", the paper of which he is editor, affords a curious comment on this. Formerly the paper had been the most strenuous supporter of the assertion that the interests of Hindus and Mohammedans were absolutely identical, but as soon as there was a talk of separate electorates "The Bengali" roundly asserted that the Mohammedan representatives would invariably vote with the Government and against the Hindus. (The underlying assumption that no Hindu will ever vote with the Government is worthy of note.) But the writer went on to assert that the whole device of separate representation was an elaborate plot on the part of the Government to nullify the concession of an unofficial majority in the Legislative Councils by securing the return of Mohammedans who would vote as directed by Government—note the gratuitous supposition that Government would order the representatives how to vote—and thus defeat the patriotic Hindu in his efforts to benefit his country. If this is loyalty as understood by Babu Surendranath Bannerjee, our definitions need revising.

In another respect also this loyalty is more than doubtful. Can it be supposed for a moment that the would-be assassin of the magistrate of Dacca could have eluded discovery for now nearly two years, had

he not been screened by active sympathisers assisted by the dead weight of indifference on the part of the whole community? Again, it has transpired that the murder of the sub-inspector of police, Nanda Lal Bannerjee, in the streets of Calcutta took place when many persons were present and when all the shops in the neighbourhood were open. Yet when the police came to make investigations they found the street deserted and every one of the shops closed, and the shopkeepers swore they were closed at the time of the murder. Probably dozens of people saw the murderers, yet no one has come forward to assist the police in their search. If this is loyalty, open opposition would be preferable; but it seems to me the Bengalis have yet to do something to vindicate their much-vaunted loyalty.

I am etc., LOALIST.

#### A HEAVY TOLL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Carlton Club, Pall Mall S.W.

18 August 1909.

SIR,—Allow me to explain, with reference to one of the SATURDAY REVIEW's criticisms of "The Story of the Household Cavalry", that the phrase "a heavy toll" was not intended—as you appear to suggest—for an expression of hysterical regret. It was employed from a purely military point of view in connexion with the regiment's reduced strength in the field.

The total strength of the Household Cavalry Regiment in Egypt in August 1882 was under 470. Its casualties on 24, 25 and 28 August amounted to twenty-three.

While a ratio of 5 per cent. would be considered insignificant in the case of a pitched battle, a similar wastage incurred in desultory skirmishing would be considered a "heavy toll" by any practical soldier.

I am your obedient servant,  
GEORGE ARTHUR.

#### FRANCIA'S MASTERPIECE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cheltenham, 15 August 1909.

SIR,—I see the SATURDAY REVIEW has reviewed Montgomery Carmichael's monogram of Francia's capolavoro in the Church of San Frediano at Lucca, exciting some difference of opinion in certain quarters. My own interest in the city of Lucca culminated in a lament on the recent violation of its walls, expressed in a letter to the "Bath Chronicle" of 5th inst., and referred to in the "Athenaeum" of 7th inst. My friend Signor P. Campetti, Director of the Pinacoteca of Lucca, sends me his criticism of this lately published book by Mr. Carmichael, and as his comments may be new to your readers I translate them below. He says :

" Francia worked in the old Basilica two altarpieces, one for the Chapel of the Buonvisi and the other for that of the Stiatta. The valuable picture of the Buonvisi, forming part of the Duke Carlo Ludovico's collection, was sold, and since 1841 has adorned the National Gallery. The masterpiece was removed from the Stiatta Chapel to that of the Guinigi" (I wrote in the Westminster Gazette of 12 July concerning Ilaria del Carretto, wife of Paolo Guinigi, whose tomb Ruskin so much admired in Lucca Cathedral), " where it may now be seen. Francia combined the qualities of Fra Angelico and Raffaello, the fervour and simplicity of the primitives with the knowledge of advanced technique, and in this picture it seems that in order to render all the purity of the Mystery represented he may have adopted the contours and colours of lilies and roses. At the top of the picture is the figure of the Almighty surrounded by angels, in the attitude of touching with His sceptre the humbly kneeling Virgin; below are represented S. Anselm, S. Augustine, David, Solomon, and a Franciscan saint who is thought to be Duns Scotus. On the lower step four lesser histories in chiaroscuro are depicted. Only a thorough connoisseur of our Renaissance like Mr. Carmichael could retrace in a painting so much matter for study and

comparison. He is the first, except Michele Ridolfi, to cast aside the idea that this picture represents 'A Coronation of the Virgin', and, relying on the literal and symbolical meaning of the words written on the labels held by the Saints, demonstrates that the subject is 'The Conception'. Apropos of 'The Conception' in art, he writes many original pages of interest, coupled with acute inductions such as his recognition of the venerable Duns Scotus, a discovery both new and important. Examining the documentary evidence, he fixes with great probability the date of the picture, and, assisted by good fortune and his powers of research, has found in a chamber alongside the sacristy the lunette which was meant to complete the painting. Finally, by industry he exhausts everything that concerns the picture, its author, its vicissitudes and its previous historians. The book is enriched by clear copies of photographs executed by the writer. We hope that the illustrious author will continue to exercise his skill among our Lucchesi monuments and still further bind fast the intellectual bond which unites the country of Ruskin with that of Matteo Civitali."

I trust this end may be attained; but no countryman of Ruskin will ever consent patiently to suffer the Walls of the city of Lucca to be destroyed and desecrated without remonstrance by an act of vandalism such as is now threatening to break the continuity of the circlet which girds the city like a ring of emerald.

WILLIAM MERCER.

#### MUSIC AT MEALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

74 Grosvenor Road, Highbury, London N.  
9 August 1909.

SIR,—It would be easy to write a psychological essay on the subject of music at meals, but it would require a Frenchman to write it with the combined seriousness and lightness of touch which would make it at once interesting, lively and true.

To a vieux routier with enough accumulated experience upon which to found a generalisation, the opinion of "Diner Out", in your last issue, as to the reason of the popularity of music at meals sounds absolutely right. The fanciful picture of a number of highly respectable and, presumably, more or less educated English citizens of both sexes being goaded into loud conversation by the strains of an orchestra acting as an irritant is very amusing, and one is almost tempted to suspect Mr. Robertson of laughing in his sleeve as he sketched it.

Be that as it may, however, the fact remains that music at meals, for persons who have anything to say to each other, is out of place and a nuisance, and its popularity conclusively proves that among the pleasures of English dinner tables, at restaurants at any rate, conversation is not included. There are still one or two havens of refuge in London for those who believe that "Rien ne doit déranger l'honnête homme qui dîne", but should they too, following a bad and therefore highly popular example, go in for eating-concerts, then the fate of Berchoux' "honnête homme" would be forlorn indeed.

An allied subject is that of table d'hôte dinners. Why have they been universally instituted wherever English people do congregate? By parity of reasoning, Mr. Robertson might jocularly suggest that they are a kind of derivation from "à la carte" dining, which, in some mysterious way, acts as a derivative.

In this, as in the case of eating-house music, the simplest and most obvious would appear to be the correct explanation. Table d'hôte dinners are a great comfort and relief to those who do not know how to order a dinner. A man at sea among the (to him) terrible mysteries of a varied menu is in as little enviable a position as one who throws a square dance into confusion through his ignorance of its figures and their evolutions. Who would not take pity on such a man?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
D. N. SAMSON.

## ANOTHER VILLAGE COMPETITION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brenchley, Kent, 9 August 1909.

SIR,—The committee of our village flower show, as doubtless others do, give prizes to the school-children—in needlework for the girls, in writing, drawing and "composition" for the boys. This year, a promised judge having failed them, they roped in me, multum reluctantem, to adjudicate the last. I have thus become possessed of answers given to the question "What I mean to be when I leave school, and why", by presumably the pick of our village boys. "Presumably" because entrance was voluntary, the work was done at home, and your truly bad boy is not a gentleman who enters for prizes.

Be it admitted that some of the competitors seem to feel, with Fielding and myself, that they are "fittest for a sinecure". A would-be policeman gives as the reason of his choice "because I could stroll about in the open air", another because "they have a holiday every year and get off on odd days for sports" (query: keeping order at football matches?). An engine-driver looks forward to the day when, on "a rather fast train but not so fast as an express but a little slower", "in the winter I can warm myself against the fire, and in summer I can take off my jacket and waistcoat and stand in the shade of the thing over my head". *Tityrus sub tegmine*. But these are exceptions.

The dozen boys who were "in the running" include one gardener, one butcher, one higgler (which, hereabouts, means the man who collects and fattens fowls for market), one engine-driver, one fireman, two postmen and four policemen. The twelfth means to be successively house-boy to a gentleman (because "you do not have to be out in a heavy rain"); clerk "for somebody because it is brainwork"; cotton manufacturer ("because I have took a fancy for machinery all my life"); "if I am spared another ten years" cattle-drover in Australia; after "a little while" going northwards to the sugar plantations. An ambitious programme: "'I wish it may answer', said my Uncle Toby".

He is, however, the only one whose wishes are beyond what he may, quite possibly, compass. As a great believer in "Souhaits médiocres en matière de cognée", I look on this moderation as a hopeful sign. The boys seem to know what they want. The butcher for instance thinks he will make a good slaughterman, "as I have already (at thirteen) killed six sheep". A friend of mine thinks this boy "should be well on the way to the gallows", but I do not see it so. As long as sheep are killed and practice makes perfect, the more he kills the better. Vegetarianism may be a better diet, but, to parody Johnson, "Alas! sir, he that cannot get to Heaven on mutton-chops will hardly get there on cabbage".

As far as I can see, the chief dread of these boys is lest they be out of work. Hence the preference for post-office and police. As a postman sums it up, "When you are under Government, and honest, upright and steady, you are nearly always sure of work and sure of your money". The pension, too, counts. Next, they dread the weather. Nearly all mention it. It is natural that these two bugbears should loom large, for the two chief enemies of *Rusticus* are an empty cupboard and the rheumatics.

No boy wants farm work. Nor to have anything to do with horses—e.g. as waggoner or coachman—nor with cows. The last is a hard job, but I a little wonder that the second has no friend. It is not, as the daily press vainly talks, that these boys burn for town employ. They don't: the postman or policeman they envy is the country not the town man.

No boy intends to be a soldier, nor—except the fireman, who regards the sea as a preparatory school for the brigade—a sailor. This is from no lack of loyalty: one chooses the police "because I should like to do good and help guard our King". But soldiering is evidently unattractive.

I am yours truly,

CECIL S. KENT.

## REVIEWS.

"DRESSED ALL IN WHITE."

"The White Prophet." By Hall Caine. London: Heinemann. 1909. 2 vols. 2s. each.

IT is long since the earlier Mr. Caine gave up all pretence of a connexion with literature; and Mr. Hall Caine has since devoted himself exclusively to the production of novels which are popular in the worst meaning of the word. Therefore we fearlessly class this new achievement as fiction, though the statement that it "deals with various matters of importance from the National Political point of view" might mis-lead one to think it an essay on imperial affairs. Fiction it certainly is in the sense that not a word of it is truth. Though it may deal "with various matters of importance", that is not to say that Mr. Caine's treatment of them is of any importance whatever. It is not; it is not even interesting. Bold as the design of the novel is, we have rarely read anything more utterly wearisome. That anyone in cold or hot blood can sit down to read it for pleasure seems absolutely incredible; yet it is a book written by a gentleman for the uneducated, and, presumably, it will find its way into appreciative quarters.

As a purveyor of fiction for the uneducated and unthinking Mr. Caine has only one serious rival—Miss Corelli; and we trust that lady's finer feelings will not be outraged by a frank expression of our opinion that Mr. Caine is head of the trade. He neither spells society with a capital S nor sets the word in ironical quotation-marks; but he has honestly won his proud position largely by an unprecedented daring in "dealing" not only "with various matters of importance", but with quite recent events and living personages. Over the latter he throws the thinnest of veils. No disguise would be necessary if the occupation or position of the people was not described, for Mr. Caine's characters are completely unlike any human beings that ever lived. He had visited a good many places and made books of the material he found, and "The White Prophet" appears to be the fruit of his last trip to Egypt. His stay must have been rather a prolonged one. Judging from the acquaintance he displays with the topography and language—and allowing for a liberal use of guide-books—he cannot have stopped less than a quarter of an hour in Alexandria and twenty minutes in Cairo. A residence of thirty-five minutes in so strange a land as Egypt was, however, enough for Mr. Caine. That, and a brief study of old newspapers and certain hazy recollections of incidents that have occurred since the English occupation of the country, set the fiery imagination of Mr. Caine to work, and the result is a novel of Egyptian life and English life in Egypt which in many respects may be called unmatched.

A king of Spain once expressed the opinion that if he had made the world it would have been a much better one. Mr. Caine is of opinion that if he had had the management of Egyptian affairs he would have managed them much better. But Mr. Caine is bolder and has more resource than his royal forerunner, for in "The White Prophet" he endeavours to re-create the course of the events of the last quarter of a century as they ought to have happened. Many deluded good folk will doubtless believe they are reading genuine history, and the chronology is so artfully confused that the author may claim either that his tale is a forecast or that it is a retrospect—just as he thinks fit. According to Mr. Caine's story, Lord Nuneham had been Consul-General since the occupation; he had rescued the country from bankruptcy and made it a paying concern. But he grew ambitious, became a tyrant, lost his head, and by performing feats of imbecility brought about the disasters which form the subject-matter of the narrative. The Sirdar is Sir Reginald Manning, called "Reg" (however that may be pronounced) for short. Lord Nuneham has a son named Colonel Gordon Lord, and he is persistently spoken of as "Gordon". For that reason, and because of many things he is made to say and do, we cannot but suppose him to be meant, partly at any rate, as a sketch of the real Gordon. General Graves is in

## TURGENEFF'S GERMAN LETTERS.

TO LUDWIG PIETSCH.

1881—1883.

87.

50 Rue de Douai, Paris,  
19 November '81.

My dear Pietsch,—I want you to do this for me: As you know, at the request of the editor of the "National Zeitung" I have sent him a proof of the French translation of my Italian story, and the German version was to appear on 15 November. He has never sent me any word whether he has received the thing. Probably he finds that he cannot use the story. It doesn't matter in the least to me whether it is translated or not, but now here comes another individual and asks for permission. I have told him that I have already given permission to someone else (as a matter of fact a translator needs no such permission, and anyone can turn the thing out of German into French without any qualms), but since nothing has appeared, he may do what he likes, and Heaven bless him. Will you be so kind as to tell the whole story to the editor of the "National Zeitung", that is, if you think "que le jeu vaut la chandelle".

I have been in Paris for the last few days. The Viardots are all tolerably well, and so am I. Heartiest good wishes from

Yours, I. TURGENJEW.

88.

Paris, 15 February '82.

Carissimo Pietsch,—Something entertaining has happened to me, which I must tell you about. A short time ago I received the January number of the "Magazine of Foreign Literature", containing an essay by G. H. Byr on my humble self (I enclose it herewith). The whole of this bright and thoroughgoing critic's argument (he thinks that he has expounded the whole nature of my literary activity, *which I do not understand myself*) is based on something which I never wrote at all; I mean the reflective appendix to my story "First Love", which was added by my French translator (Viardot, between ourselves) on moral grounds. There is not a trace of it in the original Russian edition. I did not make any protest against this. Perhaps I ought to have; but you know how little I bother about my things when once they have been published. Unfortunately, on this occasion the thing was transported, contrary to my express wishes, into the German version. You know very well how little anything of that kind appeals to me. This reflective method of digging up again and re-digesting what has gone before is as utterly useless as the cackle of a hen after she has laid her egg, and merely serves to confuse people's minds. What a prize example of *wry and high and dry* criticism! We don't find anything like that every day. Do you think it worth while to tell the magazine about it all, if only in order to beg my German readers to ignore the caudal appendage and its moralising?

We are all pretty well, and daily expecting Marianne's confinement. At the end of April I shall leave Paris for Berlin, where I shall certainly see you. Meanwhile remember me to your family and our friends. With hearty greetings,

Yours, I. TURGENJEW.

89.

50 Rue de Douai,

Saturday, 6 May '82.

My dear Pietsch,—It is true that I am ill, not in London, but merely in Paris, which I have never left. My ailment is an incurable one (angina pectoralis and gout combined). I am in the best hands here, but I know very well that my hopes must be limited to not being obliged to remain for ever on my back; in the best event, it may be possible for me to sit up. Of walking or standing (still less of mounting a staircase) there can never be any question. They have already burnt the whole of one of my shoulders with *points de feu*. To-morrow the roasting will begin again, but they only do it as a matter of principle. There is little hope that I shall ever recover. It is all up with my body; my mind may go crawling along a little longer. Of course there is no question of my taking another journey. I shall be delighted to see you and your daughter here. I wrote

you a long letter six weeks ago, with a cutting from a paper. Probably you never received it, as you are usually such a punctual correspondent. With kind regards to your family and our friends, I remain,

Yours most sincerely,  
I. TURGENJEW.

90.

50 Rue de Douai,

Monday, 22 May '82.

Pitschio Carissimo,—Mme. Viardot has just told me that Herr v. Voigtländer brought no dress clothes with him. In Paris it is impossible for one to go even to some of the theatres (such as the Grand Opera or the Théâtre Français), not to speak of a soirée, without dress clothes, particularly if one is a German. Don't deceive yourself: they still feel the greatest dislike for Germans here. But one can hire the finest dress coat (and trousers) here very easily and cheaply. Paul will tell you *where*. I thought I had better warn you beforehand. Au revoir before long.

Yours, I. TURGENJEW.

91.

Bougival, 30 July '82.

My dear Pietsch,—Here is my answer to your kind and affectionate letter. My ailment has now declared itself to be chronic, and how long it will sit enthroned in me no doctor can tell me. Unfortunately while it sits I must sit too. I can only walk or stand for a very short time, about five minutes, and that only with the aid of a little machine which presses on my left scapula (what is shoulder-blade in German?). Otherwise the pain is very disagreeable. I have also a constant shooting pain like toothache in my *right* shoulder-blade, which is usually very severe at night and forces me to have recourse to opium. But my appetite is good, and I have no trace of fever. I can only endure the movement of a carriage, or even of writing, for a short time. Result: Work and travelling are not to be thought of, and this may be my lot for years. Whether life seems very desirable under such conditions, I leave it to your sagacity to determine.

To-morrow Marianne with her husband and child are leaving us, and in a few days' time Claudio with her family. They will all come back in about six weeks' time. Till then the parents will be alone at Bougival. The weather is still horrible. Kind regards to your family and my other friends. With cordial feelings,

Yours, I. TURGENJEW.

92.

Bougival,

Sunday, 17 September '82.

Dear Pietsch,—I received your letters from Stockholm, and at once communicated the contents to the Viardots. The family is beginning to assemble again. Yesterday Marianne and her husband returned, and Claudio with her family will be here soon. All of them are very well, and I myself am a little better. I drink twelve glasses of milk a day, and that unfortunately gives me an even higher moral tone than I possess by nature. Of course I cannot dream of any active movement. I am still just a motionless something—"le patriarche des mollusques". I shall go to Paris at the end of October, and Heaven alone knows what will happen to me after that. After doing nothing for a long time, I have written a short story, which is pretty crazy. I have not yet translated it for Mme. Viardot, and so I do not know how the thing has turned out. I hope you and all your family are well. Haven't you yet become a grandfather?

Kindest regards to all our friends, and hearty greetings to yourself,

Yours, Iw. TURGENJEW.

93.

Bougival,

Sunday, 8 October '82.

My dear Friend,—My new story is to appear at S. Petersburg in the "European Courier" on 13 January 1883, and about the same time a French translation will appear in Paris in the "Nouvelle Revue"—a week earlier. So you will receive the French proof sheets on 5 January, and you can also set to work on the German translation at once. The whole thing is about 50 (printed) pages in length. It rests chiefly with you to say what you will do with it. I

do not require any fee at all. The whole of the Viardot family is now assembled here, and they are all well and happy. I am also well, except that I can neither walk nor stand nor take a drive, and have consequently been converted into a sort of stationary oyster. But as I feel no pain (so long as I remain motionless) and sleep pretty quietly of a night, I am content. "Cheerful inconsolability" is more my motto than ever. What more can an old fellow like me want?

I shall stay here till the end of November and take no thought for anything after that.

Kindest regards to your family and our friends, and hearty greetings to yourself.

Yours,

I. TURGENJEW.

94.

Bougival,

Thursday, 19 October '82.

My dear Friend,—This is the answer to your question: My story called "After Death" \* (the title must be kept a secret till its publication in Russia) would cover 48 pages of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" (45 lines to a page, 50 letters to a line). Make your arrangements accordingly. I hope you will receive the French proofs on 20 December. The German translation must not appear before 15 January. These are all conditions sine qua non which my Russian publisher has imposed on me and on the strict observance of them the payment of my fee depends. So cave canem! I congratulate you on your "exceedingly lucky" summer, and hope the good luck will continue. All the family are well and send their kindest regards. With heartfelt good wishes,

Yours very sincerely,

I. TURGENJEW.

95.

50 Rue de Douai, Paris,

8 December '82.

My dear Pietsch,—Here are the very carefully corrected proofs of my story. It will appear in S. Petersburg and Paris on 15 January. So you have plenty of time for the translation. The two conditions sine qua non are (1) the German translation is not to appear before 15 January, (2) you must not make known the title, the contents, etc., of your translation; otherwise it is entirely at your disposal. The "Berliner Tageblatt" has asked me about it, and I have referred the inquirer to you. Here everything is going on well. Duvernoy's † oratorio "Sardanapalus" was very successful. I can still neither walk nor stand, but otherwise I am well. Kindest regards to your family and our friends. Hearty greetings to yourself.

Yours, I. TURGENJEW.

P.S.—Send me a word to say that you have received the proofs.

96.

Rue de Douai, Paris,

28 December '82.

Mr dear Pietsch,—You are right—that was a thorough oversight about the stereoscope.‡ Unfortunately it cannot now be corrected in the original, but you can easily set it right in the translation. Aratoff, instead of preparing the thing himself, can buy it at a photographic shop (Clara, being an actress, has had herself taken in Moscow in the same position as in the photograph), or her sister may give Aratoff a stereoscopic picture instead of a photograph. I give you carte blanche, as they say, in the matter.

As to the pages from the diary, it is a long story. For the last seven years, in which I have written nothing very large or very long, I have thrown off on loose leaves a series of little poems in prose (since, unfortunately, I am no poet). I never thought of publishing them, but my Russian publisher has come across some statement about them and has persuaded me to let him have some fifty of these "Senilia" (that was what they were called) for his "Review", of course with the careful omission of everything that is autobiographical and personal. Some thirty of them were translated into French with Mme. Viardot's help, and appeared here in the "Revue Poétique et Littéraire". I see, too, that the "Petersburger Zeitung" is publishing a translation of them. I have never set

\* Also called "Clara Militech".—L. P.

† Marianne Viardot's husband.

‡ Turgeneff had made the mistake of narrating how the hero of his story, after Clara Militech's death, had a stereoscopic portrait of his beloved made from existing photographs. I pointed out to him the technical impossibility of such a reproduction.—L. P.

any special store by them, and have spoken very little about them. These little sketches only suit the few; to the general public, especially in Russia, they are caviar. If you like, I can send you the French translation, which at any rate is very accurate. But in fact these things are nothing but the last pious ejaculations (to speak politely) of an old man. It is still the old story with me—a little worse during the last few days. I feel grieved that you too, with your radiant youthfulness, must bite the sour apple of old age. But I rejoice with my whole heart at your domestic happiness. All of my dear ones here are very well, and that is the principal thing.

Kindest regards and good wishes for the new year, and Adieu.

Yours,

I. TURGENJEW.

97.

Paris,\* 23-2-'83.

Dear Pietsch,—My old ailment is worse than ever; I cannot even write myself. The operation, although painful, has nothing to do with it. It was not an abscess from the bowels, but a tumour from the abdomen, that they removed, and I am now adorned with a beautiful six-inch scar. But my old trouble, the convulsive spasms in my chest, is in full bloom, and the pain is continuous. I can neither walk, nor stand, nor drive, nor sleep, nor write. A lovely prospect! I am heartily sorry that you are also troubled with an infirmity (Frl. Arnholt declares that this word "Gebresten" does not exist in German). In old age one feels the thorns of the roses which one has plucked, or failed to pluck, in youth. I cry Patience! to you, as I cry it to myself—a bitter herb, that cures as little as other medicines. As for my poems in prose, a translation has been published at Dunker's, in Leipzig, under the title "Senilia". The translation is pretty correct and natural, but not without the inevitable blunders. On the very first page the horses "neigh" instead of snorting, etc.; but that sort of thing is unavoidable. You ought to have sent me a copy of your translation of "After Death", but never mind. I am sorry that Dohm is dead. That Wagner has cleared out at the first attack of an incurable ailment is only another proof to me of his unsailing good fortune. I know people who envy him. All the family here are well, thank God, and that is the principal thing.

Kind regards to your family and our friends. I hope you will be well soon. Hearty greetings.

Yours, I. TURGENJEW.

P.S.—Mr. Turgeneff compelled me to put in the parenthesis about "Gebreste," because I told him I didn't know the word.† Kind regards.

L. ARNHOLT.

98.

Les Frênes,‡

8 September '83.

Ah, my friend, it is too much, too much sorrow for one heart to bear at the same time, and I do not understand how it is that mine is not yet broken. Our beloved friend completely lost consciousness about two days before the end. He did not suffer—his life ceased gradually, and with two short gasps all was over. He died like my dear Louis § while still unconscious. He became beautiful again with the majestic calm of death. The first day the traces of pain had set a frown upon his face, which with its immobility gave it a strong and stern expression. On the second day his face became once again kind and gentle—at times one would have said that he was smiling. What a grief is ours! He was raised in bed and photographed. I will send you a proof of the portrait if it is successful. The religious ceremony took place yesterday in the Russian church. Many came from curiosity, but there were few of our friends there, as everyone is away from Paris now. The body will be taken to Russia in a few days. He expressed the desire to be buried in Russia beside his friend Bielinski.

The doctors thought that his life might have been prolonged for some time. It was the almost sudden cessation of the heart's action which brought the end in the space of a few minutes.

Grieve for me, my dear friend, and keep me all your friendship. I need all the support my friends' affection can give me now.

PAULINE VIARDOT.

It was I who sent you the telegram.

\* Letter dictated to Frl. Arnholt.—L. P.

† The word is Gebresten, not Gebreste.—TRANSLATOR.

‡ This letter was written in French.—TRANSLATOR.

§ M. Viardot had died a few months earlier.

command of the army, Gordon Lord is second, and the next is Colonel Macdonald. The White Prophet is "a carpenter's son", one Ishmael Ameer, who preaches a new compound of Christianity and Mohammedanism. He always attires himself in "spotless white", and although he is destitute of private means, his laundry bill must amount to a pretty penny.

Far be it from us to attempt a summary of a yarn which Mr. Caine does not make very plausible in nearly eight hundred pages. Suffice it that "Gordon" is sent to capture the White Prophet, and gets converted to the prophet's views instead of doing so. Next he refuses to obey the general's orders, and forthwith has his sword broken and his medals torn from his breast and his fine uniform spoiled. Then he joins the prophet and complications innumerable follow, until one is thoroughly bewildered. In the long run, however, matters are somehow smoothed out, and the book comes to an end—not before time. "Gordon" Lord takes his father's place; the White Prophet disappears; and thereafter all goes well with Egypt. There are female characters in the book. Lady Nuneham is a feeble lady who lives till half-way through the second volume, when she dies pathetically in two chapters while a hymn is sung by the assembled company. Helena Graves, daughter of the general, is engaged to "Gordon", and at first never makes her appearance without a motor car, which one might almost suppose her to take to bed with her as a child takes a doll. Later, wrongly fancying the White One to have killed her father, she gets herself up in Eastern garb and becomes his (the White One's) legal wife in order to betray him to Lord Nuneham. Much easier means of avenging her father's murder lie to her hand, but it is not in the nature of Mr. Caine's heroines (or heroes either) to choose the short way to attain an end if there is a long way. Their doings are perfectly unaccountable. If we might extravagantly suppose General Gordon, Mr. Stead, Mrs. Besant, Mr. Asquith, Lord Kitchener and Lord Morley to have been got together in Cairo, and half stupefied with hashisch, and given a few raps over the head with the butt-end of a rifle, we believe they might have behaved much as all the people behave in "The White Prophet".

The pictures of social and official life in Government and military circles in Alexandria and Cairo may surprise those who have lived in either town; but not many of Mr. Caine's admirers know much of Egypt, and they will readily take his word for it that English commanding officers talk American slang and shriek or faint at the slightest hint of danger. Mr. Caine's admirers will also like the local colour and atmosphere got by the incessant employment of three or four Arabic phrases, and they will credit him with remarkable linguistic attainments. For ourselves, we humbly confess that none of all these things impresses us. "The White Prophet" is vulgar and pretentious; it never gets within a hundred leagues of literature; even in its badness it is undistinguished—it is bad as many hundreds of less advertised books are bad. Few writers, however, have the temerity—not to say the unparalleled effrontery—to rewrite the records of things achieved, for good or evil, by men who are still living or just recently dead. Good taste, manners, decency alike deter weaker spirits. Mr. Caine has no scruples, and as there are many ignorant people in this country, as in others, we suppose he will find plenty of readers who do not perceive that such stories as "The White Prophet" are not literature at all, are entirely untrue to life, and dull and tiresome.

#### A PHILOSOPHER-CRITIC OF POETRY.

"Oxford Lectures on Poetry." By A. C. Bradley. London: Macmillan. 1909. 10s. net.

THE writer of these admirable lectures may claim what is rare even in this age of criticism—a note of his own. In type he belongs to those critics of the best order, whose view of literature is part and parcel of their view of life. His lectures on poetry are therefore what they profess to be: not scraps of textual comment, nor studies in the craft of verse-making, but

broad considerations of poetry as a mode of spiritual revelation. An accomplished style and signs of careful reading we may justly demand from any professor who sets out to lecture in literature. Mr. Bradley has them in full measure. But he has also not a little of that priceless quality so seldom found in the professional or professorial critic—the capacity of naive vision and admiration. Here he is in a line with the really stimulating essayists, the artists in criticism. He has not, it is true, the Socratic felicity and sureness of a Matthew Arnold. His modesty of statement is serious, not ironic; he can hardly be said to buttonhole the plain reader with the objective, dogmatic effect which Arnold, beneath his air of sprightly open-mindedness, almost always achieved. Nor can we claim for Mr. Bradley the supreme gift of temperament which makes Pater's work unique—a gift which depends for its full fruition, let us add, on a spare and perfect choice of subject not always possible for the official lecturer. In these comparisons there is nothing odious. Their very suggestion is enough to show how excellent Mr. Bradley's work appears. And while he thus compels us to place him in the line of truly fine and impressive critics, he has, as we have hinted, a strain quite peculiar. The philosophic touch is very visible in all these papers. Nobody could doubt that at one time, if not now, abstract philosophy had charms for Mr. Bradley. Echoes of transcendental speculation, even some of its terms, recur often in his work. Not that his scope is narrowed thereby, or his judgment of poetry as a human product. His humanism has survived the abstruse discipline of the schools, and what we now perceive is nothing pedantic, but a certain austerity and insistence upon clear thinking which gives force to his conclusions about art and a pleasing pallor to his style. Allied, of course, to this philosophic note is the turn for scientific psychology which runs through many of these pages. Mr. Bradley is a keen analyst of "the poetic experience", as he calls it; and the niceness of his discrimination, when he seeks to determine the precise effect upon the mind of this or that poetic utterance, imparts to much of his criticism a bloom of novelty which every reader must feel, though it is not easy to describe or illustrate. We feel this the more because he is withal so invariably sane, so free from mere idiosyncrasy. His analysis is always concerned, so to speak, with the normal experience, and never with fantasies of his own. The essay on "The Sublime" is a good example. It strikes us by its freshness, its intuition; yet at each step of the argument we confirm the writer from our own experience, and feel that he is drawing, with a sure hand, on the common consciousness of educated people.

The introductory lecture on "Poetry for Poetry's Sake" is an attempt, incisive and in many ways successful, to clear up the tangle of popular fallacy which obscures (even in the minds of most so-called critics) the relation of poetry to life, and of form to matter in poetry itself. Particularly good is the distinction so clearly made between the true "matter" of the poet and the mere "subject" of the poem, with which it is usually confused. Our age, Mr. Bradley thinks, "is already inclined to shrink from those higher realms where poetry touches religion and philosophy", and in this paper—indeed by the consistent tone of all his lectures—he vindicates the value of poetry as something which is food and light for the spirit, while it can only express its meaning through itself. The lecture on "Hegel's Theory of Tragedy" is a discussion thoroughly congenial to the writer's mind. It suffers, however, from the compression incidental to its purpose, and presupposes much from the reader in the way of Hegelian understanding. Wider in appeal and interest is the Wordsworth lecture, which emphasises (as against the view of Wordsworth which critical authority has imposed) that strange and even mad side of his genius so indispensable in the total effect of his work. We think Mr. Bradley is a trifle misleading in his treatment of Pater's stray remark about Wordsworth and Surrey. No writer has felt more clearly than Pater the primæval grandeur, the weirdness of much

in Wordsworth's vision of life. It is because Pater is so much preoccupied with the mystical substance of all Wordsworth's thought that he proposed for Wordsworth—a little rashly, perhaps—the Surrey test. We fancy, too, that Mr. Bradley is over bold in claiming so high a place for the Poems of National Independence. His quotations, however, throughout the lecture, are admirably made, and he really succeeds in exposing the weakness of Arnold's suggestion that Wordsworth "put by" the "cloud of human destiny". The popular conception of Wordsworth (based on a few hackneyed fragments of his work) as an amiable and rather complacent old pantheist has never, we suspect, deceived the true, as distinct from the "Social-Science-Congress", Wordsworthian. But there is room for Mr. Bradley's reassertion of the truth, none the less. We should like to hear Mr. Bradley on the relation of Wordsworth, spiritually, to Coleridge. This has not yet been adequately done. The poet of "Yew Trees", a poem to which Mr. Bradley very aptly calls attention, is nearer to the poet of the "Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" than most critics have suspected. We shall hope to find in Mr. Bradley's next volume one essay, at least, devoted to "Wordsworth as a Decadent"!

If space permitted we should like to argue several of Mr. Bradley's points. In his interesting though rather diffusive lecture on the Long Poem in Wordsworth's Age he shows scant consideration for the "comfortable" theory that the long poem is really a string of short ones. He thinks he states this theory fairly, but we are not sure we agree. Certainly a good deal of cant is talked about the "architectonic" unity of the world's long poems. Nobody thinks of the "Æneid" as incomplete, though we know it was only half of the projected scheme. In sober fact, the long narrative poem has never shown architecture, as the drama and the lyric have shown it. To admire the adjustment of parts to whole in a poem like the "Paradise Lost" is usually an effort of faith, not of sight. Long poems, in their historic origin, spring from the epic; and the epic sprang from the oral recital, in primitive ages, of fluent narrative more or less terminable at request. We envy and admire, as keenly as Mr. Bradley or any other lover of poetry, the sap and creative vitality of those ages which made it natural for men to attempt the big canvas, crowded by incident and action with which they really were familiar. We deny, however, that long poems, requiring as Mr. Bradley says "a substance which implicitly contains a whole interpretation of life", have ever been "unities" in any strict sense of the word. But the point is one that scarcely admits of brief discussion.

Perhaps the most enjoyable of the lectures is the wholly delightful one on "Antony and Cleopatra". Here Mr. Bradley, with all his restraint, becomes eloquent, and the result is a most moving and kindling piece of criticism. We cannot here deal in detail with the other Shakespearean lectures. All are good. In "Shakespeare the Man", particularly, we see once more that strong feature of Mr. Bradley's method to which we have already referred—his appeal to the normal, unsophisticated experience of the non-professional lover of poetry. Conducted on these lines, the higher literary education of the country is full of promise.

#### LUCAS MALET'S HALF SCORE.

"The Score." By Lucas Malet. London: Murray. 1909. 6s.

The two stories in Lucas Malet's new volume bear a certain resemblance to each other, though wrought in quite different styles. They are both confessions, one of a man on the point of death, the other of a woman on the point of matrimony. Nothing can save the man, who has a bullet in some important part of him; the woman saves herself by her good sense, and both obtain absolution from their confessors, though the woman's, being her lover, does not voice it so gracefully as the priest. There the resemblance ends.

"Miserere Nobis", as the first is called, is a brilliant piece of work, though just a little too determined to deserve that description. The whole scheme of its colour is determinedly vivid, attained sometimes with a sense of strain and by a too hard handling of contrasts, but producing at least the physical effect at which it aims, though it fails to make of its moral drama more than an almost incredible spectacle. The scene in which that spectacle is displayed to us is admirably used to frame the tragedy. It is a grim fourteenth-century building, half palace, half fortress, now used as a hospital. Above the whitewashed walls of the ward, the gods and goddesses of the Renaissance ceiling laugh and lust indifferently above the beds in which men groan and die, with white-robed nuns to wait on them, and pray as they hear behind the screens which surround the dying the confession of some terrifying sin. It is one of these confessions that we overhear, and an added contrast is supplied by the sinner's joyous voice, still in love with life, though he has taken his own life in sheer horror of it, telling to the grave Father beside him the flamboyant story of his crime, and hearing as he tells it, with vain regret, the sounds of life and love from which he is for ever exiled rise to the hospital fortress from the city below. The forced intensity of the style no doubt assists in the carrying through of the thing for English readers, for the story is such as could not be made acceptable if translated to these shores. We can observe with sympathy foreigners committing crimes, and even finding laudable excuse for them, of which in an English setting we could scarcely speak: and it needed an Italian of the ultra-sensitive type as hero to make alike conceivable his crime and his stupidity and the still gay detachment with which he can regard them both. The second story, "The Courage of Her Convictions", is far less successful, is, indeed, a very ordinary piece of work. Some part of its failure may be due to certain characters in it having already made an appearance in previous books of Lucas Malet. Such a use of material has the advantage of economy, when addressing readers already acquainted with it; but since it induces the author to trust to that acquaintance, and consequently only to present what may have affected the characters since they last appeared in print, it makes her work savour to the less instructed of an indifferent finish and fail of the effect which a completer knowledge might have insured. The little we are told in this short tale of Miss Poppy St. John and Mr. Antony Hammond leaves one quite indifferent to the outcome of their affairs, and makes the lady's long struggle with a proposal miss all the meaning it might conceivably have to old acquaintances.

#### SNAPSHOTS AT PAPAL HISTORY.

"The Last Days of Papal Rome." By R. de Cesare. London: Constable. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

In a work written by the historian of the last days of the Neapolitan kingdom certain qualities are guaranteed. Exactness, fulness of knowledge, a conscientious endeavour after impartiality, scholarly presentment—these are abundantly manifest in his new book. In fact the author possesses all the virtues of the modern historian. But, in a very marked degree, he also possesses their characteristic vice. If we have a quarrel it is not with Cesare in particular. He represents a class and stands for a tendency. Loosely speaking, history becomes every year more of a science. Must it necessarily become less of an art? Is it inevitable that, in the analytic fury of an inductive age, there should be a continuous production of historical matter that can only be regarded as so much raw material for an ultimate synthesis?

To come to the particular instance, why should the author of "The Last Days of Papal Rome" have produced a book interesting to the student of modern Italian history, of value to the specialist in international politics of last century; but abounding, quite unnecessarily, in difficult places for the amateur, who reads history because he has a general interest in human

affairs? It is not a question of space. The author might have written a book of the same length, or a very little longer, containing the same quantity of new material, which should at the same time have been self-contained and able to stand upon its individual merits. It is a question of method. Instead of bringing a picture on to the canvas, grouping events and people about a central point of interest, and filling in a suitable background, the author has been content to take a series of instantaneous photographs. His men and women are every one a succession of attitudes. His portrayal of events is a succession of snapshots focussed from the Vatican. It follows that the reader must bring to the perusal of this book a lively imagination and considerable knowledge, independently acquired, of the men and events of which the book itself will give him nothing beyond occasional glimpses and isolated views. With a subject eminently dramatic, abounding in interesting personalities and vivid paradox, the author might have given us a work as artistic in outline and effect as it is scientific in purpose and method. He has preferred to write a monograph, scientifically valuable but artistically of small consequence.

Specialisation, often more complete than intelligent, is almost entirely to blame for the catastrophe. The author has undertaken to write the history of the last twenty years of the existence of the Papacy as a temporal power. His history begins in 1850 with the entry of Pius IX. into Rome under French protection. It ends with the extinction of the temporal authority of the Papacy in 1870. From first to last one of the decisive factors in the situation was the occupation of the papal city by the French. For an understanding of the forces that between them led to the extinction of the temporal power it is, therefore, essential to stand for a while in Paris, and to be brought into lively contact with Napoleon III. But our author refuses to cross the Alps until he is actually compelled to do so. It follows that, when Napoleon acts, he appears to act suddenly and almost fortuitously. All at once we get a glimpse of him at Plombières. It is the famous meeting with Cavour in the summer of 1858, at which the fate of the Legations was determined. It is an instantaneous photograph, clear in itself down to the smallest detail; yet in a sense unintelligible, since it is not presented in synthetic relation to the events that preceded and gave rise to it. It is necessary to imagine that it just happened. Supposing that the reader has not read Ollivier, or something less pretentious, Napoleon remains incomprehensible from first to last. His actions seem like those of an arbitrary destiny asserting itself suddenly and capriciously at intervals from without.

Nor have we yet reached the limits of our author's specialism. He will go neither to Turin nor to Florence until he is compelled, and then at the shortest possible notice to the reader. For example, Cavour is photographed very finely in the act of achieving his coup de théâtre of September 1860. But the exact significance of his bold invasion of the Patrimony must be known independently, or taken upon the word of the author. For to the reader of this book Cavour is another of those unaccountable agencies that intervene for good or ill with disconcerting swiftness and caprice. Garibaldi is even more of an enigma. All at once he is sequestered by Ratazzi. In a short time he is at liberty and in action under the very nose of the Florentine Government. Soon he is marching upon Rome by way of Mentana. These snapshots are as effective as snapshots can be.

To some perhaps this may seem unfair criticism; it is certainly a little ungracious. In gratitude for what Cesare has done it is time to desist from pointing out what he never intended to do. He has, it is true, produced a work that can only be appreciated by collating it with other works written upon the same lines; but, at the same time, he has written a book that no student of Papal history can afford to neglect. One reflection cannot fail to strike the reader. The temporal power died as it had lived through the centuries. Its rule was as inefficient and unpopular in 1859 when Bologna

revolted on the withdrawal of the Austrians as it had been when Innocent III. found that his papal rectors were as unpopular through the cities as were the German warriors they displaced. In Rome itself the two aristocracies, lay and clerical, faced each other in thinly veiled hostility, as in the ancient days of the house of Theophylact. The "commune", as ever, was negligible; except when, as occasion would have it with more or less regularity, it chanced to be galvanised into stormy self-assertion. Moreover, there was, as ever, the foreign occupation. There was even a crusade, a greater excommunication, and an ecumenical council. The people of Rome were those that had spent their days from time immemorial in alternately driving the pontiff from the city with sticks and stones and welcoming him back with rose leaves strewn in the way. Half of them, as from the times of the Gracchi, were of no occupation. They subsisted upon the Papacy, which had inherited the pauperising functions of the Empire. In things temporal the Papacy was blessed neither in what it gave nor in what it received. The phrase of Damiani, when he heard of the defeat of Leo IX. at Civitate in 1053, was truly prophetic. It contained within it the sum of all the praise and all the blame that an impartial posterity will affix to that period of papal history when the pontiff fought his enemies with the weapons of this world. "It was not for having denied His Master that Peter was the greatest of the apostles."

#### THE HABSBURG REALMS.

**"Austria-Hungary."** By Geoffrey Drage. London: Murray. 1909. 21s. net.

"THE data" for this comprehensive work of 841 pages "have been gathered", Mr. Drage says in his preface, "in many journeys, extending over more than twenty years, and were originally collated partly for use in my reports to the Royal Commission on Labour, partly as subsidiary to a book on Russian affairs, and partly as serviceable for debates in the House of Commons". It shows much research in many fields hitherto unexplored by those who have written on Austria and on Hungary. The statistical tables and other facts, collected as they have been at different times, are not always up-to-date; but the work is a valuable one, for it contains a great deal of information which has not up to this been given to English readers, at least in book form. It is also superior in some important respects to recent works, for it neither proceeds from a solitary visit to Austria-Hungary nor does it suffer from any particular party prejudice; indeed, Mr. Drage has done his best to keep the balance even between all parties throughout. He has perhaps avoided rather too ostentatiously, in his anxiety to preserve the judicial mind, some of those most controversial topics which are so essential to a proper understanding of the Dual Monarchy, and he devotes little attention to the details of those burning questions which divide the populations of such important provinces of Austria as Bohemia and Galicia. It is possible that he may regard minor party differences as proceeding from the wish of the younger to oust the older party leaders; still, there can be no doubt that Dr. Karel Kramar, the leader of the Young Czechs, is a greater personality than any of his rivals, and that there are vital differences which may have far-reaching consequences between Old, Young, Radical, Realist, Agrarian, Clerical, and Socialist Czechs, however much they may be united on purely national questions. It may be that universal suffrage will in time give greater prominence to social questions, but the Nationalists still carry on the fight between German and Slav in Bohemia. In Prague itself there is very little intercourse between the two, and Dr. Eppinger, the leader of the German Liberals, has proposed that, as in Moravia, where the races are far more mixed in the same electoral districts and vote for German and Czech candidates in separate Curias, so in Bohemia they should be split up also into separate Curias having their

respective candidates and administering separate Budgets for education, theatres, and other national institutions; the German deputies looking after German and the Czech deputies after Czech interests separately. The political question in Galicia is almost entirely ignored, notwithstanding the very important bearing which it may eventually exercise upon the balance of power in Central Europe. It may be argued that the Poles themselves have sunk many of their differences and that most of their members have united in the Polish Club; but they are still divided into Conservatives, Liberals, Centre, and People's party. It is not quite fair to say that the peasants "are sunk in physical and moral degradation, a state of which they are conscious but which they attribute to their lords". This may be partially true of the Poles who have never left Galicia; but a great many peasants have been to the United States. Though the native Galician Pole has not much national feeling—a sentiment which has until lately been almost entirely monopolised by the nobility and the Clergy, he develops it when he reaches America. He realises that his best chance of securing work is to enrol himself in some local Polish Club or Confraternity, where he hears of the glorious past of his own country. He rarely stops long in America, but returns to Galicia when he has amassed enough money to buy the farm which his forefathers have tilled as peasants. The introduction of this new element is slowly effecting a revolution in some parts of Galicia, so much so that in many villages the local public-houses find it worth their while to subscribe to the "New York Herald". Much might also have been said of the many questions which in Eastern Galicia separate Ruthenians from Poles and Young from Old Ruthenians; for so great was the bitterness of racial antagonism at Lemberg that a wild fanatic was driven to assassinate Count Andreas Potocki, the enlightened Governor of Galicia, some fifteen months ago, though he had certainly shown more favour to the Young Ruthenians, it is true for political reasons, than any other Pole. The Old Ruthenians leant upon Russia, and had taught their fellow-countrymen that they were of the same race as their powerful neighbours across the frontier. It was, therefore, desirable to create a new party, and professors were instructed in the necessity of emphasising the distinction between the Ruthenian or Ukrainian who belongs to Little or Red Russia, and the Great Russian who has so much more Tartar blood in his veins. When, however, the Young Ruthenian began to depend upon Prussian support he became even more dangerous than those who looked to Russia for help, and he ceased to enjoy the favour of the Government at the Election for the Galician Diet, with the result that ten Old were returned as against eleven Young Ruthenians. The omission to give due weight to these and the Slovene and Croat questions in Southern Austria is all the more remarkable, as Mr. Drage has gone thoroughly into the question of the nationalities in Hungary, and exposed their grievances, as well as the difficulties of their Magyar rulers, with the greatest impartiality. Mr. Drage may argue, and with much fairness, that the compass of one volume would not have allowed him to deal at length with all these questions; but judging from the spirit in which he has approached the subject, no one could complain if he had published a more comprehensive work and dealt with Czech, Galician, and Slovene questions in Austria proper in the judicial spirit which he has shown in his whole work. On the other hand, he has published a most interesting map showing the comparative influence of socialism in Hungarian Communes; but has said little or nothing to explain this map in his text beyond dwelling upon the genuine grievances of the Hungarian labourer, and more especially since the passage by the Coalition Government of the Farm Servants Act of 1907, by which, if the servant fails to put in an appearance at the right time, he may be captured and haled back like a runaway. The farm servant is also forbidden to leave the farm, employ a substitute, or to receive visits from the outside without his master's permission, on pain of a fine

of £2 1s. 8d., deduction from wages, or liability to damages. When he is under 18 years of age he may even be flogged by his master, whilst under Article 5 no passport of emigration shall be delivered to a farm servant until all relations between him and his master have been ended.

Mr. Drage supplies some extremely valuable information, which is not the less useful because some of it has already appeared in the Report issued by the Royal Commission on Labour, Vol. IX., on forms of land tenure and methods of cultivation, on industrial life, on the political rights of labourers, and on the social policy of the Government throughout all parts of the country. After dwelling upon Austria's connexion with the Balkans and the European outlook, he concludes with these words: "I will record my belief that whatever the result of the present crisis, in spite of racial and religious differences, in spite of external and internal dangers, the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary will still remain a European necessity, and will in the future have an even greater part to play in the history of the world than in the past. In fact, the warlike races of the Habsburg realms may go far towards realising in Europe the proud device of the Emperor Frederick III. :—Austria erit in orbe ultima (A.E.I.O.U.)".

#### COLOSSAL!

"The Bride of the Mistletoe." By James Lane Allen. London: Macmillan. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

THE subject of Mr. Allen's new book is the crisis in the life of a married pair when the husband, but not the wife, begins to take things for granted and to glide towards middle age. It has, he tells us, neither the structure nor the purpose of a novel, and he draws attention to the fact that the time occupied is only about forty hours, and makes the assertion that no external event whatsoever is introduced. The method is pictorial, and the writer's effort has been to make a colossal pedestal and a colossal group. The effort is almost sublime, the result ridiculous. As in all inferior work, it is not only possible but necessary to separate the matter from the style. The matter, in fact, sinks entirely into insignificance compared with the style, which is laboured, self-conscious, unreal and ineffective to an extraordinary degree. Nobody will think twice about Mr. Allen's treatment of his subject, if indeed anybody succeeds in disinterring it from the words in which it is wrapped, drowned and overwhelmed. Probably Mr. Allen has taken as his model De Quincey at his very worst—the De Quincey who tells with so much circumstance and so little effect a story resembling that of "Lucy Gray". But De Quincey was always a musician, and when he fails it is always interesting to see how. Mr. Allen is not a musician, and he is only interesting because of the depth of the insincerity by which he has built up a style of which the one merit is its consistency. His method makes success impossible. His style is so unprecedented that we feel ourselves incapable of defining it. We shall attempt to suggest it by giving some examples.

When he wishes to say that Kentucky was made before man he says that it was made

"uncharted ages before man had emerged from deeps of ocean with eyes to wonder, thoughts to wander, heart to love, and spirit to pray".

Forms of sentence which he affects are seen in this:

"When morning came the sky was a turquoise and the wind a gale";

and this:

"What human traits you saw depended upon what human traits you saw with".

He is describing the preparation for celebrating Christmas Day, and he says:

"At intervals some servant with head and shoulders muffled in a bright-coloured shawl darted trippingly from the house to the cabins in the yard and from the

cabins back to the house—the tropical African's polar dance between fire and fire".

That last pendent clause is characteristic. Time after time we can see him either laying claim to a sensitiveness which he does not possess or making it an absurdity by his words, as here :

" The snow of Christmas Eve was falling softly on the old : whose eyes are always seeing vanished faces, whose ears hear voices gentler than any the earth now knows, whose hands forever try to reach other hands vainly held out to them. Sad, sad, to those who remember loved ones gone with their kindnesses the snow of Christmas Eve ! "

We believe this to be a supreme example of the callous rhetorician's desecration of an emotion. Time after time we feel sure that he is writing of what he neither believes nor understands, as when he wishes to persuade us that his heroine regarded the clock as a " wooden God of Hours " and " had often feigned that it might be propitiated ", and " would pin inside the walls little clusters of blossoms as votive offerings ", and says :

" She was by nature not only alive to all life but alive to surrounding lifeless things. Much alone in the house, she had sent her happiness overflowing its dumb environs—humanising these—drawing them toward her by a gracious responsive symbolism—extending speech over realms which nature has not yet awakened to it or which she may have struck into speechlessness long aeons past ".

These examples, a few out of a thousand possible ones, ought to be enough at least to convince any simple and honest reader that Mr. Allen is grossly untrue to life, if not that he—a man of undoubted ability—has scandalously misused words in a manner that might bring discredit or neglect upon better work by a superficial resemblance.

#### NOVELS.

" John Cave." By W. B. Trites. London : Treherne. 1909. 6s.

John Cave is an American journalist who is a slave to alcohol, and Prudence, whom he picks up in a restaurant, is an American cocotte addicted to opium, which she smokes both in private and in company very mixed in every sense of the word. Their continued intimacy does not tend to the reformation of either party, but Prudence, who of course has a heart of gold as well as " scarlet lips ", obtains from a friend of hers in the New York newspaper world a post for John on a Sunday magazine. Then John marries Diana, whose acquaintance he made by following her into the country and dropping a block of granite upon a dog which was attacking hers ; but the couple simultaneously develop disloyalty to one another aenent a Mr. and Mrs. Slocum—for no particular reason except the author's dislike to monogamic arrangements—and, Diana eloping with a third gentleman, John goes back to Prudence. By this time she is dying in a house of ill-fame, trying to remember something from the Bible appropriate to her case ; and John bungles his suicide, though fortified for the occasion with a whole bottle of whisky. We do not propose to make any comment upon the poetic charm or the restrained art or the convincing vraisemblance of this pretty story.

" Sister K." By Mabel Hart. London : Methuen. 1909. 6s.

The pleasant love-story that runs through the pages of this book is spun out by misunderstandings of the usual type. If human beings were, as Homer called them, " articulate-speaking ", what would become of half our novels? However, this is one in which no serious harm is done by the lovers' distressing inability to grasp each other's meaning. The scene is laid chiefly in a great London hospital, and the novel is remarkable for the common-sense with which the writer discusses hospital nurses, good and indifferent. It is

the literary and oratorical fashion of our nation to idealise nurses very much as Roman Catholic countries idealise nuns, and the most meagre amount of truth-telling about either is generally considered to prove that the speaker has no admiration for a fine calling or no reverence for religion. Whereas we all know—but are too great humbugs to say so—that neither every nurse nor every nun has a real vocation, and that a stupid or ill-tempered middle-class woman who has intruded into a way of life that requires exceptional qualities may do great harm and cause much suffering. Miss Hart writes as an observant gentlewoman, and her nurses are real.

" Harm's Way." By Lloyd Osbourne. London : Mills and Boon. 1909. 6s.

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's new story is a study of a lively young American girl on her quest for the golden young man. Phyllis Ladd is the only daughter of a rich railroad president of Carthage, U.S.A., and in love with the idea of love she goes off for a season to Washington and thinks that she falls in love with, firstly, a frigid and wealthy young compatriot, and then with a sentimental German baron. In each case the rapid making of the engagement is followed by its rapid breaking, and Phyllis returns to her father believing that the race of golden young men has died out. Then she goes to a fourth-rate theatre, and, seeing a handsome young actor, the " star " of such establishments, soon makes an opportunity of knowing him. Mr. Osbourne does not make his hero a faultless person by any means ; had he done so he would have made the story less real. As it is the romance has much in it of the conventional story of the wealthy heiress who elopes with a man who has difficulty in keeping his head above water, and things work on more or less conventional lines to a conventional end. Mr. Osbourne has a bright and easy way of writing, a facility in the rendering of dialogue and a knack of individualising his people, and these keep us entertained, though we should prefer to have them exercised over a less well-worn theme.

" A Family of Influence." By W. H. Williamson. London : Fisher Unwin. 1909. 6s.

Some lines of Tennyson's on the relative value of kind hearts and coronets and simple faith and Norman blood were, if we remember aright, prefixed to a certain mid-Victorian play ; certainly there was in it an aristocratic dame whose teeth were set on edge by the mere sound of the name of Gerridge. Similarly the belated moral of this novel is that what a man himself is and does is of more moment than his ancestry, and though here the proud baronet can only go back to Charles the Second (as the author, with innuendoes, informs us), he, too, says " Shufflebottom ! are there people with a name like that ? " Also he struck his second son when the latter, declining the family living on the very proper ground that he felt no vocation for the Church, proposed to go into trade. Even Sir Anthony Absolute—but he, if irascible, was a gentleman. We have outgrown this sort of thing on the stage, but apparently not in fiction. Old-fashioned is a term of praise to many people, and therefore we do not use it ; indeed we fear we may have been a little too complimentary to the book by our allusiveness. It is a *réchauffé* of a well-worn theme.

" The Bronze Bell." By Louis Joseph Vance. London : Grant Richards. 1909. 6s.

Mr. Vance has written a very engrossing, sensational romance of Hindu conspiracy. As a warning of Indian unrest, and of the danger of a second Mutiny, it lacks weight, it is too obviously constructed to excite and to mystify, and is not above the level of similar sensational fiction, though the style and manner of narration are by no means contemptible.

" Rose of the Wilderness." By S. R. Crockett. London : Hodder and Stoughton. 1909. 6s.

As a description of life in a wild moorland region of Galloway this book will serve very well. But what malign spirit impels Mr. Crockett, in season and out

of season, to be arch? The sheer buffoonery of some episodes is comparatively tolerable. But the incessant archness! The story is by way of being the autobiography of a farmer's daughter. She marries a Church of Scotland minister not devoid of priggishness, and it is perhaps by way of compensation that she writes in the manner of one with whom Mr. Harry Lauder is collaborating.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

"*Giles and Phineas Fletcher: Poetical Works.*" Vol. II. Edited by F. S. Boas. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1909. 4s. 6d. net.

All the extant poetry of Giles Fletcher, together with that of Phineas published before 1633, was contained in the former volume of this book, which appeared last year. We now have the rest of Phineas' work, consisting of seven pleasant "Piscatory Eclogues", a number of miscellaneous pieces in English and Latin, and the best-known and most remarkable of all his poems, "The Purple Island". This last is a curiously elaborate allegory of Man. The first five cantos minutely describe the human body, the form and functions of every part both outward and inward; nothing, not even the vermiform appendix, which had not then acquired its present-day notoriety, is too insignificant for mention. The result, it need hardly be said, is often grotesque, and sometimes disgusting, yet it is all most skilfully done, and interspersed amongst the physiological details are many highly poetical lines. Passing from the physical to the emotional and intellectual qualities of mankind, Phineas finds his task more congenial, and the seven remaining cantos are in his best Spenserian manner; they flow easily on through a wealth of luxuriant imagery and phrasing, pervaded throughout with a strong religious atmosphere such as we should expect from this "excellent divine".

At the end of the volume is printed "Brittain's Ida", a poem formerly attributed to Spenser, whose name indeed appears on the first title-page dated 1628, but now almost universally admitted to be the work of another hand. Mr. Boas has satisfied himself that it was written by Phineas Fletcher, a view already urged by Grosart and others. He supports his contention by a considerable body of internal evidence, calling attention to many lines and turns of phrase, which occur almost identically in poems indisputably written by Phineas Fletcher. It is easy but dangerous to draw inferences from such similarities; however, in the present case the argument is strengthened greatly by the fact, which Mr. Boas points out clearly, that it was a habit of Phineas to repeat himself. On the other hand, the poem as a whole, a sensuous, purposeless description of the loves of Venus and Anchises, is not quite such as we should expect from him, and, in the total absence of any corroboration by external evidence, we are still not altogether convinced by the ingenious theory here put forward. But if Phineas Fletcher did write it, the possibility of which we are far from denying, his reputation as a poet will certainly not suffer by its inclusion amongst his works.

"*Texts Relating to Saint Menas of Egypt and Canons of Nicaea in a Nubian Dialect, with Facsimile.*" By E. A. Wallis Budge. London: British Museum. 1909. 12s.

Egypt is continually producing something new. Among the latest novelties are early Christian texts in the language spoken in Nubia in the ninth or tenth century. The most important of these is a manuscript found near Edfu, which has been acquired by the British Museum. It is exceedingly well preserved, and contains two works—one on the life of S. Menas and the other, apparently, on the Canons of Nicaea. To the first work drawing has been attached of the saint on horseback, in the costume of a Roman soldier and with three crowns above him, the meaning of which is explained by Dr. Budge in his introduction to the present volume. The texts are written in the Coptic alphabet, to which three new characters have been added; the values of these have been determined by Drs. Schäfer and Schmidt. Dr. Budge contents himself with editing the texts, and does not attempt a translation, or even an analysis of them, but it is an open secret that Mr. Ll. Griffith, the Reader in Egyptology at Oxford, has succeeded in partially deciphering the language and fixing the signification of the grammatical forms. As was expected, the language proves to be an older form of the modern Nubian.

The reproduction of the manuscript leaves nothing to be desired, and is a beautiful specimen of photographic work. It is prefaced by a very full introduction by Dr. Budge, as

well as by translations of two Ethiopic accounts of the martyrdom of S. Menas. Out of the abundant stores of his knowledge Dr. Budge gives all that the reader needs to know about the manuscript itself—the history of Christianity in Nubia and the story of S. Menas. Menas was one of the most popular of the Egyptian saints, and his church in the desert of Mareotis, near Alexandria, was one of the most splendid and frequented in Egypt before its destruction by the Mohammedans. Its ruins have recently been excavated by Dr. Kaufmann, and have yielded important remains of Coptic architecture. A spring of water over which it was built was famous for its miraculous cures, and the miniature oil-flasks which the pilgrims brought away from it as memorials of their visit are among the most interesting monuments of Christian Egypt. Illustrations of three of them are given in the present volume. S. Menas is usually represented upon them standing in the attitude of prayer with a camel-like creature on either side, concerning which there was more than one legend. A ship sometimes takes the place of the saint.

"*Spain: a Study of her Life and Arts.*" By Rayall Tyler. London: Grant Richards. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

In his careful and elaborate study of the existing mediæval monuments in Spain the author discards all attempts at fine writing and that "picturesquemongery" which so long regarded Spain as first and foremost the land of romance, of hidalgos, brigands, Moorish maidens, and Inquisition mysteries. For he goes straight to the heart of his subject and bases his book on hard facts, which, if they make hard reading, are, as he points out, the result of still harder writing. To the student of mediæval Spanish architecture the book, with its detailed descriptions, careful ground plans, and well-chosen photographs, should prove of immense value. It is from this standpoint of stern fact, as opposed to romantic tradition, that, when dealing with the rivalry of north and south, the author devotes but one chapter to Andalusia, which, according to popular prejudice encouraged by Richard Ford, has always been considered the most interesting part of Spain. But, as a matter of fact, beyond the Mosque at Cordova, fragments of the Alcazar at Seville and the Alhambra atrociously restored, few monuments remain to testify to the former glory of what Spaniards call *España Negra*, and the one important Gothic church, the Cathedral of Seville, is great only by reason of its size. It is in the north that all the important monuments of Christian art that still exist are to be found—in the provinces of Castile and Aragon, provinces which, though the least visited, are the most interesting parts of the Peninsula. For the general reader, to whom the architectural details of cathedrals and monasteries form but poor pasture, there is yet much of interest in the descriptions of such typically Spanish pastimes as bull-fighting and pelota and the accounts of modern Spanish life in the great cities, notably in Madrid. The book is well got-up, and, although too heavy to be carried as a guide-book, should not be overlooked in view of a visit to any of the monuments it describes.

"*The Real Francis Joseph.*" By Henri de Weindel. Translated by P. W. Sergeant. London: Long. 1909. 15s. net.

There are a large number of people of all classes who delight in the gossip of Courts, and the more ill-natured it is the better pleased they are. It is for this class of readers that this book has been written. No good qualities are allowed to the Emperor save industry and bravery. We may give one brief example of the author's capacity to criticise the policy of the sovereign he assails. On page 85 he tells us that "in 1866, much against the wishes of Francis Joseph, war was declared between Austria and Russia. It was Bismarck's wishes (sic), not Francis Joseph's, which carried the day". On page 115 we learn that there was a grand battue "during the war with Russia in 1866, while the Austrian armies were being decimated at the imperial whim, and the country, in consequence of this same infatuation of the Emperor, was passing through a terrible domestic crisis". Clearly M. de Weindel is not a very consistent or trustworthy historian. He is evidently an adept at the baser tricks of the journalist's trade, retailing all the scandals he can rake together about the past of his victim and all the members of his house. Even for this inglorious business he is not over-well equipped, for he only tells us what everyone knows who has heard the gossip of Viennese cafés; he clearly has no real knowledge from within. The translator has on the whole done his work in decent style, and there are many excellent portraits.

"*Croquis d'Orient: Patras et l'Achaïe.*" Par le Baron Emile de Borchgrave. Bruxelles: Van Oest. 1908.

The Baron de Borchgrave, who has apparently travelled more than once in the South of Greece, has published the result of his studies in the mediæval annals of Achaia. They make pleasant reading enough, but have no pretensions

at all to be regarded as the result of original research. It would, of course, be absurd to put this book in the same class as Mr. Miller's, or even Sir Rennell Rodd's, account of the Frankish princes and rulers of Greece in the Middle Ages. But M. de Borchgrave has read his authorities with care and has a real enthusiasm for his subject. There are a good many illustrations of the subject-matter of the text. The reproduction in most cases is not well done, but there are a few good photographs.

#### LAW BOOKS.

"The Law Relating to the Customs and Usages of Trade." By Robert William Aske. London: Stevens. 1909. 16s.

The peculiarity of custom and usage in English law has been its constant transformation from the local and particular into the general law of the land. It is in this way that what is known as the Common Law has grown up through being formulated by the Courts, all being brought under its operation. But new agricultural and trade customs are always growing; and sometimes the Courts will give their sanction to them and sometimes will not. We have a codified law of partnership and of bills of exchange, but a particular custom might grow up in a certain kind of partnership business not known as a general partnership rule, or the Stock Exchange might treat securities as negotiable of which the Courts had no previous experience. Lawyers must know the history of this kind of growth, whereby exceptions to the general law have been admitted into the body of the law, and the methods by which the Courts have regulated and controlled the process. Dr. Aske has dealt with this subject very satisfactorily. Not the least interesting part of his book is the collection of cases that have been decided as to particular customs, many of them amusing and quaint reminders of bygone times.

"Notes on the Companies (Consolidation) Act 1908." By L. Worthington Evans and F. Shewell Cooper. London: Knight. 1909.

The modesty of the title ought to be no prejudice to a book which is a very complete handling of the Act of 1908, and consolidates all the company law contained in the Companies Acts from 1862 to 1908. The Notes are a very thorough treatment of the decisions under the Acts now consolidated in this Act, and we may cite, as an indication of the editors' determination to make their work valuable, the two long notes by Mr. Stewart-Smith K.C. on the section relating to the "Liability of Directors" and on that relating to "Reconstruction." The co-operation of a solicitor (Mr. Evans), a member of the Bar, and a K.C. who is a well-known authority on company law, is *prima facie* a recommendation to the book, and the test of examination confirms it.

(Continued on page 236.)

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"Local Government Law and Legislation for 1908." London: Hadden. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.  
"The Law of Allotments and Small Holdings." London: Hadden. 1909. 5s.

Mr. W. H. Dunsday edits both these volumes with the knowledge and skill that come of familiar acquaintance with all branches of local government legislation. The first volume is the collection of Local Government Statutes, with Notes for 1908, issued as part of the well-known annual series of Messrs. Hadden, Best and Co. The experience of ten years has proved its value to all administering any department of local government.

The Small Holdings Act of last year, though it is printed with notes in the annual volume, is of special importance. Politically it was controversial, socially its future is in doubt. Mr. Dunsday has made a very complete edition of it, and in particular he has written a long and clear Introduction, which brings all the sections into logical order. Whoever may wish to explain or criticise the Act in rural constituencies will find it worth reading.

"The Law of Property in Land." By Stephen Martin Leake. 2nd Edition. By A. E. Randall. London: Stevens. 1909. 20s.

Leake's "Digest of the Law of Property in Land" still retains the place it has held for thirty-five years. Many have been, since it was first published, the books cast in more readable form for students. Its real office is as a secondary rather than a primary book, a medium between the class-book and the elaborate treatises on Real Property Law. The student and the practitioner alike may turn to it for condensed and accurate exposition. Mr. Randall has edited the book on its old lines, and has revised and added what the changes of thirty-five years have made necessary, so that a third of it now consists of his own original matter, and the work will continue to be as useful in the future as it has been in the past.

"Sanitary Law and Practice." By W. Robertson and Charles Porter. 2nd Edition. London: The Sanitary Publishing Company, Limited. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

When the first edition of this book appeared we commended it to the notice of students preparing for the sanitary inspector's certificate and medical men preparing for degrees as medical officers of health. Since then there have been many additions to the law, such, e.g., as school medical inspection, as well as administrative changes. Many parts have been rewritten, and now even more than before Dr. Robertson and Dr. Porter present to students a thoroughly practical book. It was a wise choice not to include law reports. They are foreign to the general character of the book.

"The Law of Carriage by Railway." By Henry W. Disney. 2nd Edition. London: Stevens. 1909. 7s. 6d.

This is a book which should have a wider circle of readers than the legal. It was not intended, indeed, in the first instance for legal students, but for an audience at the London School of Economics, consisting mostly of men in the employment of the great railway companies. For these this book is an admirable text-book; but there is a more general public still to whom Mr. Disney's exposition of the law on this subject would appeal. Such chapters as those on the relations of the consignor of goods to the consignee, on delivery to the consignee, on the rights and liabilities after transit, on the carriage of animals, passengers' luggage, and those on the carriage of passengers, and the nature of their contract with the companies, would not be wrongly described as popular. We commend the book, therefore, to the large class of general readers. Others, such as lawyers and railway men, are not likely to overlook it.

"The Practical Statutes of the Session 1908." Edited by James Sutherland Cotton. London: Cox. 1909.

"Paterson's Practical Statutes," which have been issued for so many years, remains one of the most useful collections of annual Acts of Parliament published. The Introductions to each Statute are models of concise and lucid statement, and they are a source of diverse information which cannot easily be obtained elsewhere. It is curious to note the statutes which pass without public notice, and yet throw much light on social conditions. As examples we may notice the Act making married women with separate property liable to reimburse guardians for the cost of relief given to parents; the Act prohibiting the use of white phosphorus for making matches; and the Act making incest a crime, which was formerly only punishable in the Ecclesiastical Courts, though in Scotland and the Colonies it was, and is, punishable under the ordinary law.

For this Week's Books see page 238.

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THE SESSION 1909-10 in the Faculties of ARTS, LAWS, MEDICAL SCIENCES, SCIENCE and ENGINEERING will begin on MONDAY, OCTOBER 4th.

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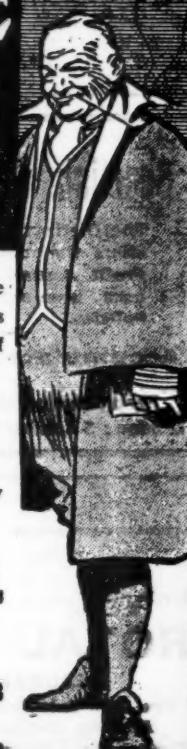
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